



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 08232650 9

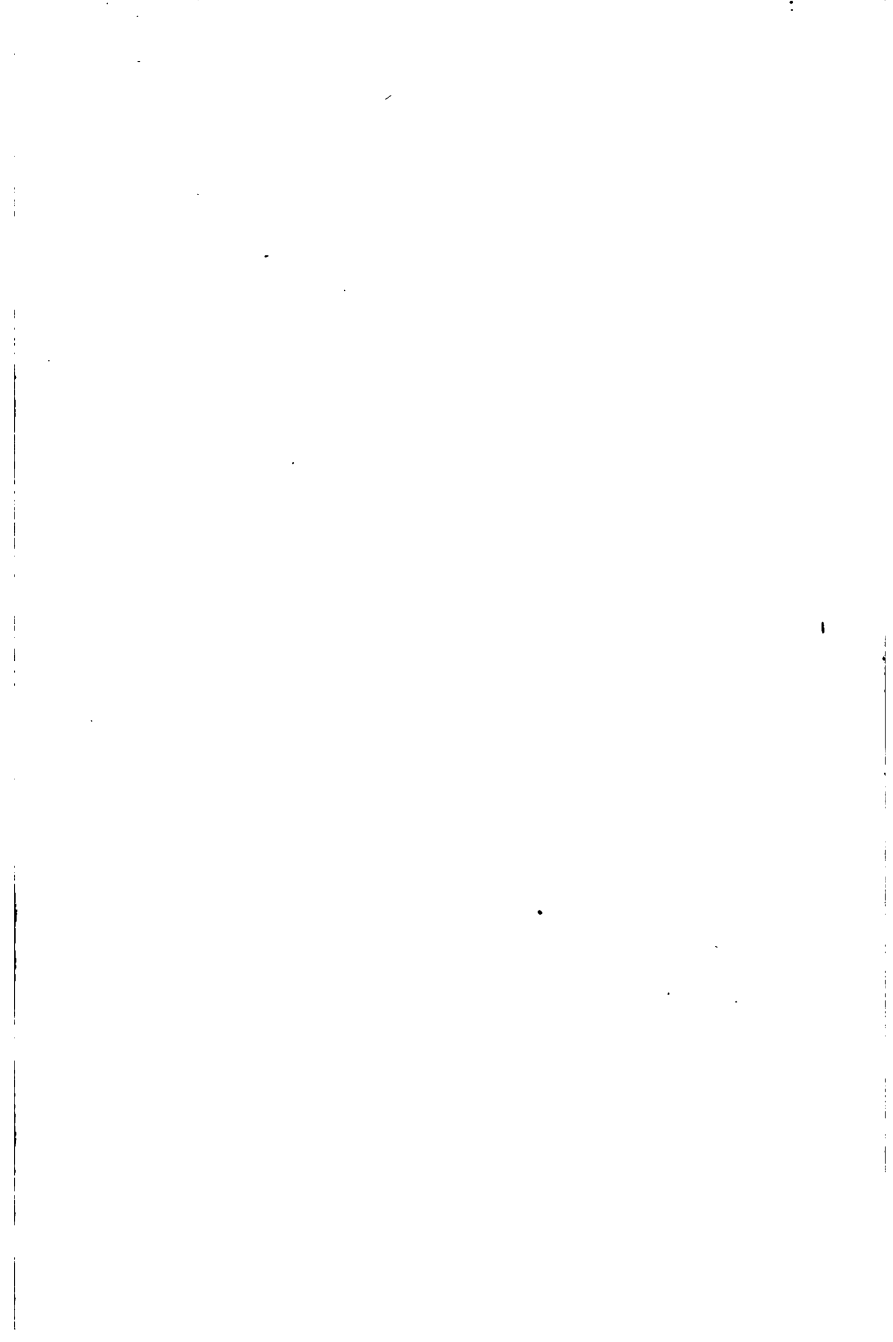


**The New York
Public Library**
ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



Kitchen

BT 11











On the Stairway at Ciro's after the Play.

AFTER DARK IN THE WAR CAPITALS

BY
KARL K. KITCHEN

WITH 25 DRAWINGS BY HERB ROTH

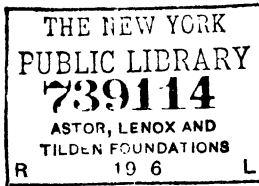


BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.

835 Broadway

New York

1915



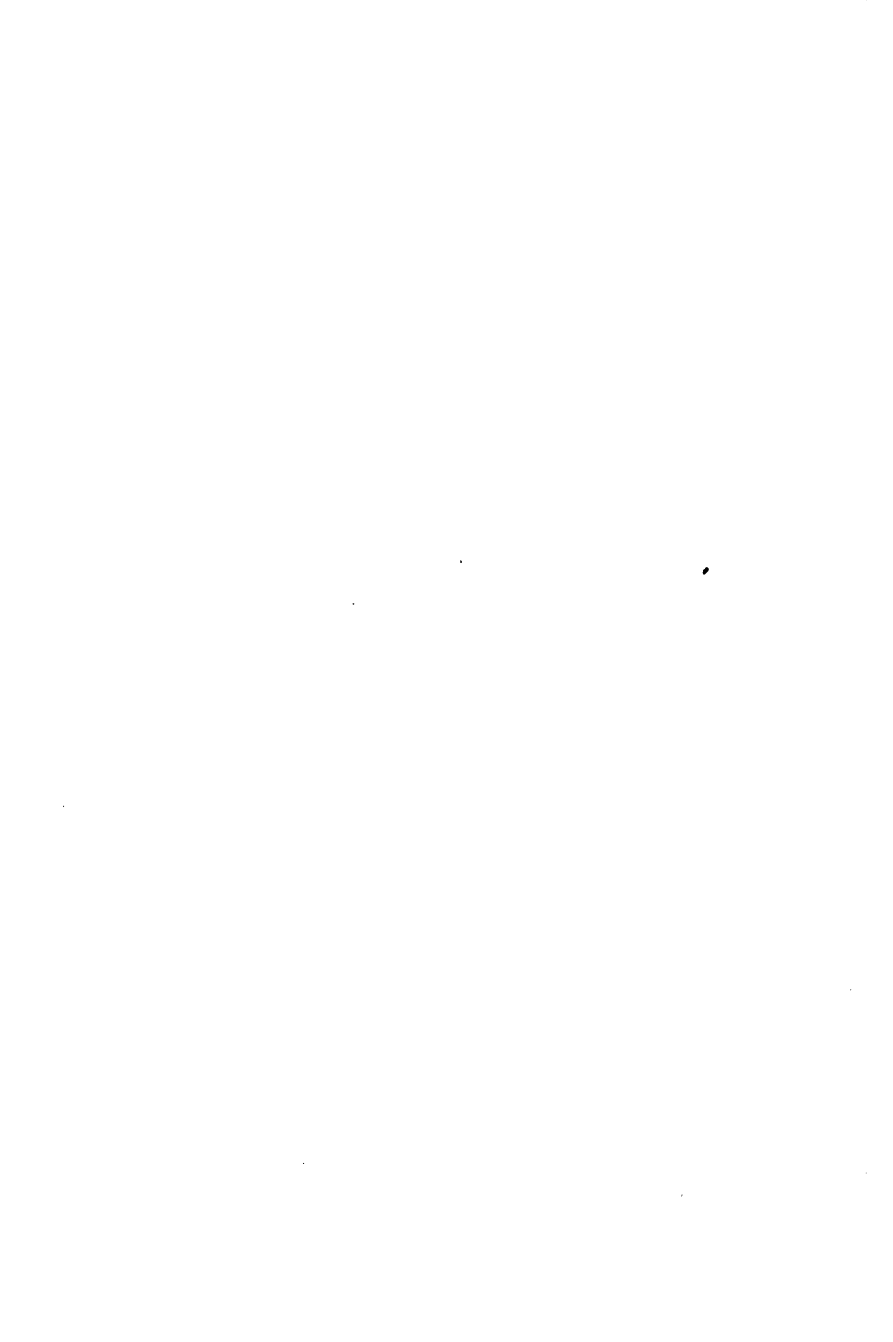
Copyright, 1916,

by

Broadway Publishing Co.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
1906

To
WILLIAM JOHNSTON



PREFACE

The following pages were written during a two months' trip abroad, made expressly for the purpose of visiting the great capitals in war time. They record the personal experiences of the writer.

For permission to reprint these sketches in book form the writer wishes to thank the publishers of the *New York World*, in which they appeared from week to week during the early part of 1916.

KARL K. KITCHEN.

New York, March 20, 1916.



CONTENTS

	Page
CHAPTER I	
Berlin	15
CHAPTER II	
Home Life in Berlin	26
CHAPTER III	
Budapest	33
CHAPTER IV	
The Story of Lieut. Betegh	43
CHAPTER V	
Vienna	53
CHAPTER VI	
A True War Story	64
CHAPTER VII	
A Brussels Episode	70
CHAPTER VIII	
Brussels	80
CHAPTER IX	
The Hague	93
CHAPTER X	
London	103
CHAPTER XI	
London in War Time	113
CHAPTER XII	
Paris	125



Driving a 5-mark nail into the wooden statue of General von Hindenburg in the Sieges Allee.

After Dark in the War Capitals

CHAPTER I

BERLIN



WHEN I stepped out of the Freidrichstrasse Bahnhof I found the usual line of taxicabs waiting to whiz arriving travelers to their destinations in Berlin. As it was 6 o'clock in the morning—and I had sat up all night in a second-class compartment—I was not particular about the color of my cab or the political leanings of its chauffeur.

"Nach Adlon-schnell," I ordered, following my suitcase into the taxi's roomy depths. Which in the vernacular of Broadway means: "Beat it to the Hotel Adlon."

My first glimpse of Berlin—aside from the hazy vista of the sleeping city I had obtained from the incoming train—was a large Turkish flag. The emblematic star and crescent was the very first thing to arrest my eye. But before I could realize the changes of the past two years

After Dark in the War Capitals

I was speeding along Unter den Linden to my hotel. And, I must confess it, my thoughts were soon centered on the delights of a warm bath and a hearty breakfast.

The porter at the door of the Adlon was assisting a graycoated officer to alight from a taxi when my cab pulled up, but he was at my side a moment later, and with the baggage from both cabs under his arms led the way to the hotel lobby. Of course I stepped aside to allow the officer to register first—not knowing but that he was a "Hoheit." Imagine my surprise when he insisted that I register first—which of course resulted in my being shown to "the last vacant apartment in the hotel" at once. So, aside from the fact that one of his bags was put in my apartment and two of mine were given to him, my arrival in the German capital was devoid of excitement or incident.

My first meal in Berlin, taken in the privacy of my apartment, was decidedly interesting. On the tray was a bread card with one corner missing, which the keller told me had been detached for the two white rolls on the bread plate.

"Kaffee" in Berlin is decidedly a slight repast at the Adlon—a cup or two of coffee, two rolls with butter and honey, and a piece of sponge cake. And, of course, a bread card. The bread card is important, as without it you cannot get

After Dark in the War Capitals

white bread. However' if you prefer cake—like Marie Antoinette—or pumpernickel, the privation need not annoy you. Germany has not yet regulated cake baking—or eating—despite rumor to the contrary.

We will skip several uninteresting early morning hours and begin the day when I stepped into Louis Adlon's office, bathed, shaved, twice breakfasted and ready for luncheon.

For, while Germany is supposed to be starving, eating five or six times a day is still the most popular indoor sport in Berlin. Learning that I had arrived, Herr Adlon had sent me an invitation to lunch with him. Two years ago I had spent six weeks—and many dollars—at his hotel. And, like all good hotel proprietors, he believes that one good turn deserves a—luncheon.

"What's doing in little old Berlin to-night?" I asked, after we had passed the hors d'œuvres and mutual compliments. "What is the best show to see? I haven't looked at a newspaper."

"Probably 'The Merchant of Venice' at the Deutsches Theatre would interest you most," replied my host. "It's Max Reinhardt's, you know."

"What, Shakespeare in war time—and in Berlin!" I exclaimed. "Do the people really go to it?"

After Dark in the War Capitals

"Lieber Kitchen," said Herr Adlon. "Berlin is the home of 'Kultur.' Shakespearean performances are on the bill in four theatres. But I'd advise you to see the Reinhardt productions they're the best."

Now I had expected to find a new musical play or two, and perhaps a risque little farce. But four theatres playing Shakespeare! It was almost incredible. Why, I had been led to believe that poor old Bill was "strafed" along with everything else English.

Think of it—four theatres in Berlin giving Shakespeare plays in the sixteenth month of the war! Surely it looks as if Berliners loved their enemies.

That statement might be excessive (for particulars see accounts of the battles at Loos), but there is no doubt that they love their Shakespeare. Not only is Max Reinhardt's Deutsches Theatre—the first theatre in Europe—giving a Shakespearean "cyclus" at the present time, but "Antony and Cleopatra" is being played at the Koenigliches Schauspielhaus, the Royal playhouse controlled by the Kaiser. And at the Volksbuhne or People's Theatre, which is under the direction of Max Reinhardt "Der Sturm" (The Tempest) is one of the biggest popular successes of the season. In addition the repertory at the Lessing Theatre includes several

After Dark in the War Capitals

Shakespearean plays which are given weekly.

All of which is a significant answer to the oft-asked question of how the German capital is amusing itself in war time. And the answer may be interpreted as a healthy normal enjoy-



"After you, my dear Herr Kitchen," said the German officer.

ment—if you are fond of Shakespeare—or as a serious symptom, if froth, fromage and frivol are more to your taste.

It is true that there are many other popular forms of amusement in Berlin to-day besides attending Shakespearean performances. In fact, there are more amusements, and in a greater variety, in the German capital to-day than in any

After Dark in the War Capitals

other city in Europe. But Berlin is taking its pleasure seriously. Even before the war the capital of Germany was never really gay. There was plenty "doing," and when it came to night life Berlin offered perhaps more than any other capital in the world. Still, it was not spontaneous pleasure.

It was pleasure regulated and approved of by law. All Berlin that had the bank roll—and the endurance—stayed up all night because it was perfectly legal to do so. To-day—or rather to-night—all Berlin goes to bed at 1 A.M. for the same reason.

One A.M. is the closing hour in Berlin, and it is 1 A.M. sharp. Which means that the old night life with its gorgeous Palais de Danse, Pavillon Mascotte and other "ball establishments," is no more. Dancing in public is not "verboten" but merely frowned upon as being "too gay."

However, it does not mean that life is greatly changed. Every theatre, kabarette and konzert-haus in Berlin is open. Until a few minutes before the actual closing time even a frequent visitor to Berlin would not be able to notice the slightest change in the places of amusement—except for the unusually large number of military uniforms.

Of course, there are numerous petty regula-

After Dark in the War Capitals

tions. After 9 P.M. no spirituous liquors are sold anywhere in Berlin. There are no restrictions to the sale of wines and beers, so this regulation is not even annoying. Berliners do not drink whiskey.

On two days a week—Tuesdays and Fridays—no meat is sold, either in butcher shops or restaurants. But “hummer”—lobster—and various kinds of fish and shell fish are so abundant and cheap that “meatless days” must be regarded more in the light of an inconvenience than an actual hardship.

The six-course luncheon to which I sat down with Mr. Adlon was “meatless.” But the wonderful Russian caviare, the fresh eggs Benedictine, the tender little chicken lobsters, to say nothing of the rich fruit salad and the French vanilla ice cream with hot chocolate sauce, did not leave me hungry for a sirloin steak. I ate five or six times a day every day I was in Berlin—for I believe in the old adage: “When in Rome don’t let the Romans do you.” From this it may be inferred that there is a greater food shortage in the English newspapers than in Berlin.

Luncheon over, Mr. Adlon suggested that I might care to drive a nail in the colossal statue of Gen. von Hindenburg, which stands in the Thiergarten at the head of the Sieges Allee. And, like most visitors to Berlin, I did so. Driv-

After Dark in the War Capitals

ing a nail into the huge wooden statue is one of the popular pastimes of Berliners. It really isn't very much fun, and it costs 5 marks (about \$1.10 at the present rate of exchange) but it doesn't ruin one's health—like beer drinking. And the serious Berliners tell you that the money is for a good cause—Red Cross or something equally worth while.

After I had a silver medal pinned on my coat—every one who drives a 5-mark nail into the statue gets a medal—I felt reckless enough to sit through a high-brow Shakespearean performance. However, I was spared that doubtful pleasure by the intervention (entirely friendly) of a Berlin banker, who insisted that I witness the premiere of "Mona Lisa" at the Koenigliches Opernhaus.

Now, I know a little about grand opera. For instance, I have never made the mistake of thinking that "Samson et Delila" is another name for "The Barber of Seville." But I never heard anything quite as serious as "Mona Lisa" or saw a more enthusiastic audience than the "large and fashionable" gathering that welcomed Max Schillings's latest brain child.

To be sure, Fraulein von Granfelt looked like the traditional Mona Lisa and I'm sure she sang much better than Mona ever did. The Florentine setting was one of the most beautiful pic-

After Dark in the War Capitals

tures I ever saw in any theatre; and the orchestra, conducted by Richard Strauss, was above criticism.

Still, the opera was very difficult to listen to, although I will admit that I enjoyed its two murders, which took place in full view of the audience.

But, as I pointed out before, Berlin takes its pleasures seriously. It likes the tragedies of Shakespeare, the gloomy plays of Strindberg and Ibsen and the classic or allegorical plays of its own Goethe, Schiller and Hauptmann. And its opera "fans" have a lovely time witnessing a performance of Strauss's "Salome" or "Elektra."

It must be admitted, however, that Verdi, Puccini and even Bizet are appreciated. Neither "Rigoletto," "Madama Butterfly" nor "Carmen" is tabooed because of the war. There is no foolish prejudice against Italian or French operas in Berlin.

What is of far greater importance, an American can go anywhere without being annoyed, let alone subjected to insult. I wasn't "strafed" once—on my word!

As theatres in Berlin begin at the inconvenient hour of 7.30, it is customary to dine after the performance as well as eat a little before it.

After Dark in the War Capitals

Grand opera or Ibsen on an empty stomach is beyond human endurance.

So, after "Mona Lisa" I dined at the Restaurant Hiller, which is quite the best restaurant in Berlin. I did not notice any increase in the prices, despite the fact that I paid the check. The head waiter informed me that the duckling was 10 per cent. higher than when I was there before, but as it was only 5 marks (\$1.10 for two) I did not "strafe" him. Of course, I had to produce my trusty bread ticket, and I never will learn to care for German champagne. But outside of that, "a very pleasant time was had."

Not a very gay evening, you will observe. One cannot find gaiety, or even "get gay," in Berlin these days, or rather nights. To be sure, an evening at the Metropol Theatre, where "Die Kaiserin," Leo Fall's latest operetta, is playing, is livelier than an evening with "Mona Lisa." In fact, "Die Kaiserin" is one of the most tuneful musical pieces I have heard in months. But whether you go to the Montis Operetten Theater and see "A Day in Paradise," which is the same piece as "The Blue Paradise" now playing at the Casino in New York, or to the Circus Schumann, where a big military spectacle is being given, you will be impressed by the grave and earnest manner in which the entertainment is enjoyed.

After Dark in the War Capitals

This is only natural. There is a vacant chair in every home—many, alas! vacant forever. And even officers home from the front are in no mood to “make a night of it,” as in former times. Life is serious business in Berlin these days, although the Berliners agree with Oscar Wilde that it is much too serious ever to talk seriously about it.



“You will be impressed by the grave and earnest manner in which the entertainment is enjoyed.”

After Dark in the War Capitals

CHAPTER II

HOME LIFE IN BERLIN



FOR three days I have been living in a German home. My host is the director of one of the largest banking houses in Berlin and his home is typical of the better class of bourgeois society. His son—an intimate friend of mine—is driving a military motor car for a German general near Arras on the west front. He is a member of the Second battalion of the imperial motor corps, with the rank of lieutenant. His sister, an attractive girl of 20, is really the head of the Berlin household, for she assumed all the duties of her mother, who died suddenly last August. The other members of the household are her aunt and three domestics.

Of course both father and daughter are still in mourning and their attractive home on the Kurfurstendamm in Charlottenburg (a suburb of Berlin), is no longer the scene of the gay parties of two years ago, in which I had participated. Still their home life is surprisingly un-

After Dark in the War Capitals

changed in spite of the war. And as I visited the same home for several days during a previous sojourn in Berlin, I am able to appreciate any changes war has brought about.

In the first place there have been few economics instituted in their way of living. Their table at dinner and supper (supper is an 8 P.M. feast) is quite as bountiful as it was two years ago. My host keeps open house and at every meal except breakfast at least three or four guests are present. There is the usual assortment of cold meats and sausages of half a dozen different varieties at supper, preceded by excellent Russian caviare and thick rich soup. At dinner, which is the principal meal of the day and for which my host frequently returns, the dining room table almost creaks with the viands. There is everything that even the most pronounced gourmand could desire.

To be sure Fraulein Lotta, who now sits in her mother's place, informs me that she paid "two marks fifty" (about 55 cents) a pound for butter and that it may go to 3 marks in a few days. But that does not deter anyone from partaking of it. There is plenty of bread—even for all the guests. And the Moselle is as much in evidence as in the days before the war.

In short, the war had brought about few changes in home life in Berlin as far as actual

After Dark in the War Capitals

living conditions are concerned. Of course the poorer people have to use less butter and meat, but as fish is plentiful and cheap that is not a serious state of affairs.

The really great difference in Berlin homes to-day is in the inevitable vacant chair at the dinner table. Rich and poor, aristocrats and bourgeois, all are affected. In this respect the burden of the struggle is felt by all classes, which is very different from conditions in England, where the middle classes have not seen fit to enter the fray.

At every meal we drink a toast to Gunther, the son at the front. A large share of the conversation is centered on him and his activities. He writes nearly every day, and his letters—which arrive within forty-eight hours—usually contain photographs of himself and his companions. Fraulein Lotta answers every letter, and three or four times a week sends a package of cigars, cigarettes, candy, cakes and other delicacies. Letters to and from soldiers are carried free in Germany, and even bulky packages can be sent to the front for 40 pfennigs (about 8 cents), and what is more remarkable, they are delivered promptly—within forty-eight hours—to any point on the west front.

"Of course we miss Gunther terribly," said Lotta, puffing a Russian cigarette after dinner,

After Dark in the War Capitals

"but he's having a good time at the front. He's taken on weight and he writes that he never felt better in his life. He was home for three weeks when mother died, but he was anxious to get back to his comrades. It was too quiet here in Berlin for him—and besides he loves excitement.

"We send him 350 cigarettes a week and I don't know how many cigars. I guess he gives most of them away, for he couldn't smoke all of them himself. He wrote yesterday that he would come home for Easter, so we're going to have a big party for him. It will be awfully jolly, as you say in America."

My host had planned to show me his summer home at Wansee—on the way to Potsdam—but the weather was bad and instead we got a taxi—his own car had been placed at the disposal of the government at the outbreak of the war—and drove to a cafe at the Nollendorfplatz where we found his friends at their "stammtisch."

At this little gathering I heard the story of Capt. Peifer—one of the most amazing stories of the war.

Shortly after the outbreak of the war Capt. Peifer, a German officer in command of the cruiser Yorke, ran his ship on a mine at the entrance of the harbor at Wilhelmshaven. The cruiser sank with nearly all on board, but by a

After Dark in the War Capitals

strange prank of fate Capt. Peifer was saved. Of course, he was court-martialed and as it developed that he had been warned to avoid the entrance of the harbor he was sentenced to twenty years imprisonment at hard labor.

Fortunately for the captain, who is an expert on the subject of high explosives, influential friends pleaded his case with the kaiser. At first his imperial majesty refused to interfere with the finding of the naval court, but later he diplomatically delayed the execution of the sentence until the end of the war. Capt. Peifer was accordingly released and being a loyal subject offered his services to the commander of the German forces in Turkey. Because of his very useful knowledge of high explosives his services were accepted and the former naval captain soon found himself a lieutenant in the Turkish army at Constantinople. He was, of course, assigned to duties connected with the production of munitions and here he distinguished himself to such an extent that he was quickly promoted to the rank of major.

When the Gallipoli campaign began the munitions problem became a serious one for the Turks and, according to the story, the British forces might have succeeded in reaching Constantinople if it had not been for Major Peifer.

With characteristic energy and ingenuity he

After Dark in the War Capitals

started several munition factories for the production of high explosive shells within a few miles of Constantinople. His knowledge, combined with German efficiency and tireless Turk labor, gave the defenders of the Dardanelles sufficient high explosive shells to check the invaders until munitions arrived from Germany.

Of course the Turkish and the German commanders-in-chiefs were highly pleased with Major Peifer's service, and the latter sent in his name to the Kaiser as an officer deserving the order of "Pour le Merite"—one of the most coveted honors of all Germany.

But for once German thoroughness and efficiency were inoperative. Neither the Kaiser nor his closest advisers recognized in Major Peifer the former naval captain who had sent his ship on a mine in violation of proper warnings. The order of "Pour le Merite" was conferred on the new military officer, who naturally thought that his previous blunder had been forgiven.

Accordingly he applied to the naval ministry for permission to rejoin his old branch of the service. This let the cat out of the bag, and the entire matter was laid before the Kaiser. With true magnanimity he commuted the twenty years' sentence, but ordered the Major to remain in the army, promising him promotion in the very near future.



At the Cafe Abassia—"Trans Molnar, author of 'The Devil,' doesn't care to talk with Americans, because they stole his plays."

After Dark in the War Capitals

CHAPTER III.

BUDAPEST.



At the hour when the lights in Berlin are being dimmed, Budapest takes a new lease on life—night life, if you wish me to be explicit. For early to bed and early to rise is considered folly in the Hungarian capital—even in war time.

Of course there ARE people who retire before 1 A.M. But really there is no reason why they should do so. The Hungarian capital has no annoying regulations in this respect. You can stay up as late—or as early—as you wish; for hilarious suppers may be extended into bilious breakfasts without breaking any rules—except your doctor's.

All of which is another way of stating that Budapest is the gayest capital in Europe at the present time.

The Hungarians have kept their heads (metaphorically speaking) better than their Austrian or German allies. They have not "strafed" their

After Dark in the War Capitals

enemies or bothered themselves with restrictions. It is not necessary to have a bread card in the daytime in Budapest. And there are no limitations on your wine card at night—with the result that its people, and its visitors, are pursuing their Budapestiferous life exactly the same as before the war.

I arrived in the Hungarian capital at 10 o'clock in the morning on the night train from Berlin—a through train with sleeping and restaurant cars. As I had not even been obliged to leave my berth at the frontier, I stepped off the train in a happy frame of mind and a new winter suit. It was a fine November morn, so I took a cab to the Grand Hotel Hungaria.

The only thing grand about the G. H. H. is its name. Still it is the best place at which to stop in Budapest. It faces the beautiful blue Danube, which at this time of the year is a muddy green, and it has an excellent gypsy orchestra. So the fact that it still clings to tin bathtubs and musical furniture may be overlooked.

My first war meal in the Hungarian capital consisted of czardas, excellent fogosh, more czardas with string beans and chocolate pudding. It was called luncheon, and cost five crowns. A crown is only 15 cents at the present rate of exchange, so the price was not excessive,

After Dark in the War Capitals

as both the czardas and the fogosh were very good. The sauce with the latter will long be remembered.

I will skip the afternoon hours, which were



"The people of Budapest refuse to allow the war to interfere with their pleasures."

spent in visiting the wife of an officer in her home on the Pest side of the city. As the lady does not speak English and as my knowledge of the Hungarian language is confined to the word goulash, it is just as well that I omit our conversation.

After Dark in the War Capitals

However, half-past five found me in the whirl of genuine Budapest life: At that hour I was taking coffee with Miksa Brody, the librettist of "Sybil," and Albert Szirmai, the famous light opera composer, at the Cafe Abazzia.

Coffee houses play an important part in Budapest. Most people spend more time in them than they do in their homes. There are hundreds of these cafes scattered all over the place; but the largest and certainly the most famous is the Cafe Abazzia. For the Abazzia is the home and business office of Molnar Ferenc—the same Franz Molnar who wrote "The Devil," and who is a literary light of Hungary.

The Abazzia is also the favorite cafe of the editors of the Azest, the leading newspaper of Hungary, and the literary and artistic who's-who of the capital. In fact, I was surrounded by celebrities, cups of hot coffee and toothsome pastry. Every one, except Molnar, seemed delighted to meet an American. He said he didn't care to talk with me because American managers had stolen his plays and neglected to pay him a Hungarian nickel. But as he didn't get excited enough to lose his monocle I didn't mind.

There is no feeling against America or Americans because of the war. The Hungarians don't even hate the English, and it is their boast that the only British subject interned in their king-



On the Pest Side of the Danube.

After Dark in the War Capitals

dom is a negro who couldn't make his own living. Which gives a black eye, so to speak, to "strafing" reports printed in London papers.

Three different programs were suggested for my first evening in Budapest. Miksa Brody suggested that I visit the Vigszinhaz or Comedy Theatre and see "Onagysaga ruhaja."

"And what is 'Onagysaga ruhaja?'" I asked, "a musical show?"

"Of course not," he replied, with disgusted look on his librettist face. "It is a play by an American, Edward Knoblauch. I think you called it 'My Lady's Dress.'"

I explained that I had journeyed all the way to Budapest to see a play by an American, especially as I had seen the play in New York.

"Then you must visit the Royal Hungarian Opera-House (I will spare the reader its Hungarian name) suggested Albert Szirmai, "'La Boheme' is the bill to-night."

I declined on the ground that I had seen a GRAND opera, but no one saw the point. My cutting remark having failed to make an incision, I waited for another suggestion. It came quickly from Victor Alberti, a music publisher who had joined our little gathering.

"Your distinguished American friend," he suggested, "ought to visit the Kiraly Szinhaz and

After Dark in the War Capitals

see 'Szibill' so he can compare the performance with the New York production.

And this is what I did.

The Kiraly Szinhaz or King's Theatre, so called because the king has nothing to do with it, is the leading playhouse in Budapest devoted to the favorite form of entertainment of the Hungarian capital—operetta. I was fortunate in witnessing the biggest musical success Budapest has had since "The Merry Widow." "Szi-bill," Victor Jacobi's operetta, has been running for two years and is still playing to crowded houses.

Of course I couldn't understand the words, but I did enjoy the music, which was played by an orchestra of forty-five and sung by artistes instead of the song-and-dance actors we sometimes hear—or rather don't hear—in operettas on Broadway.

After the play I joined my friends again at the Abazzia, where I caught another glimpse of Molnar and met Alexander Brody, the famous painter and novelist. Molnar hurried away soon after I arrived, and I was told that he had gone to join Fedak Sari, the star of "My Lady's Dress," who is the popular idol of Budapest and the particular idol of the author of "The Phantom Rival."

We sipped coffee and liquers at the Abazzia

After Dark in the War Capitals

until midnight, because the really lively places in Budapest do not take on their gay and festive air until after 12. There are a dozen large music halls in the capital giving performances that begin at midnight and continue until 5 o'clock in the morning. Dancing instead of being frowned upon as in Berlin, is encouraged. For the people of Budapest refuse to allow the war to interfere with their pleasures.

Our first stopping place was the Folies Caprice, a music hall near the Royal Opera-House. Here a variety show was in progress before an audience of civilians with a sprinkling of uniforms. It reminded me of some of the music halls in Montmartre, Paris, with their bad singing by sedate veterans of the dear unfair sex. And I said as much.

"You're quite right," agreed Miksa Brody. "We must go upstairs."

A few minutes later we were afloat on the "gay life" in the Casino Mulato, as the smaller music hall on the top floor of the same building is called.

Here there was "something doing." A variety performance given entirely by girls occupied the attention of that part of the audience which sat near the stage. Supper parties with members of the fair sex kept the occupants of the boxes busy. While behind the rows of tables and

After Dark in the War Capitals

chairs which filled half of the floor, a score of couples were dancing to the music of a fantastic gypsy orchestra.

The "gay life" in the Hungarian capital differs from the alleged gayety in other European centres in one very important respect. It is inexpensive. Four or five crowns buys admission to any of the all-night rendezvous, and excellent wine can be bought for five or six crowns a bottle. A crown it will be remembered is only thirteen cents in American money.

Shortly before 3 A.M. we left the Casino Mulato and walked around the corner to the Winter Garden, the largest and most attractive all-night establishment in the capital. Here fully a hundred couples were dancing on the confetti strewn floor.

We engaged a cabinet, sent for a bottle of wine and a gypsy fiddler. The waiter brought glasses for six, all of which were needed because we were joined by three Polish dancers, acquaintances of Szirmai's. Fifteen minutes later we were dancing czardas and singing Hungarian war songs. At least, that is what all our neighbors were doing; but of course I may be mistaken as to what I sang.

The Winter Garden doesn't close its doors until 5 A.M. This does not mean that one is forced to go home at that hour. The grill room

After Dark in the War Capitals

in the basement of the same building remains open until eight. And as it has a gypsy orchestra and a floor for dancing in addition to its culinary equipment, it is not exactly a hardship to remain there until one feels inclined to "call it a night."



The Budapestiferous life to-day is just the same as
ever.

After Dark in the War Capitals

CHAPTER IV

THE STORY OF LIEUT. BETEGH



T the villa in the hills on the outskirts of the Pest side of the Danube, I met Lieut. Victor Betegh, a Hungarian officer who has probably had the most amazing experiences of any officer of his rank in the war. I heard the story from his own lips and will give it here exactly as I heard it.

A Hungarian doctor, who fled to New York from England to escape being interned there, had given me a letter of introduction to his wife, who lives in a villa on the outskirts of Budapest. While I was calling upon her Lieut. Betegh arrived to return a sum of money which her husband had loaned him in New York. When he learned that I was well acquainted with the man who had befriended him he explained the circumstances of the loan and little by little related the most striking incidents of his remarkable trip around the world. For obvious reasons I must suppress the name of the Hun-

After Dark in the War Capitals

garian doctor who aided him in New York. His kindly act might be considered a "breach of neutrality," and besides I would not have secured the story if it had not been for his courtesy in giving me a letter of introduction to his wife.

Perhaps the most surprising feature of the whole affair is the naive manner in which Lieut. Betegh regards his exploit. He does not realize that he has done anything very remarkable. Of course he was glad to get back to his native land and rejoin his regiment. But his greatest concern was to reach Maros Vasarhely in order to have Christmas dinner with his fiancée. More than a year before he had promised to be with her on that Christmas Day.

When war broke out in August, 1914, Victor Betegh, who had completed his military service two years previously, was called to rejoin his regiment. He received a first lieutenant's commission, and hurried off to the Galician front to stem the tide of the advancing Russians. Before he had been at the front a month he was wounded and taken to a hospital in Budapest. As luck would have it his wound was not serious and he was soon able to return to the front. His fiancée visited him in Budapest, and when he started back to the front she was at the station to see him off.

After Dark in the War Capitals

"I won't be able to have Christmas dinner with you this year," said the young lieutenant when he bade his sweetheart good-bye. "But by Christmas 1915 the war will be over, and we'll be together."

"But suppose it shouldn't," protested his anxious fiancée.

"Well, I'll be with you for Christmas dinner next year, whether the war is over or not," said her lover. "You have a place for me at the table and I'll be there."

Now, whether Lieut. Betegh was really in earnest or whether he merely wanted to cheer up his little sweetheart, I do not know. But the fact remains that he made good his boast.

When Lieut. Betegh rejoined his regiment in Galicia it was late in October and the rigors of a winter campaign were already being felt. He saw a lot of fighting along the Riven San and suffered with the cold when the Hungarian forces were driven back into the Carpathians by the victorious Russians. On November 15, 1914, he was detailed on outpost duty near Przemyśl and there he was surrounded by Cossacks and forced to surrender.

The commander of the Cossacks was proceeding to rob him of his watch and little store of gold pieces when a Russian colonel came up and, seeing that he was an officer, made the Cossack

After Dark in the War Capitals

restore the valuables. This courtesy, more than anything else, enabled Lieut. Betegh to escape from his captors. For with his little store of gold he was able to buy a fur coat and cap at Nijni-Novgorod on his way to Siberia. And his fur coat and cap enabled him to pose as a Russian until he succeeded in reaching China.

Russia takes many of her war prisoners to the most remote parts of Siberia. The Germans, against whom they are most bitter, are confined east of Lake Baikal. Some of them have even been taken as far as Vladivostok. The Hungarians are confined in central Siberia; while the Slav prisoners, who are not regarded as dangerous enemies, are often permitted to remain in European Russia.

As Lieut. Betegh was a Hungarian he was taken to a camp near Irkutsk, in central Siberia. It was a long and tedious trip, made for the most part in slow-moving freight cars on the Trans-Siberian railroad. Fortunately at Nijni-Novogorod Lieut. Betegh was able to buy the long fur coat and Astrakhan cap; and as he happened to have a little extra money he indulged in some luxuries in the way of food which helped him to keep body and soul together.

At several points on the way to Irkutsk the convoy of prisoners was held for days. In company with a dozen other Hungarian officers,

After Dark in the War Capitals

who were also prisoners of war, Lieut. Betegh would be placed in a stockade and held there until cars could be obtained to move them further east. At Omsk, where one of these delays took place, an incident occurred which gave him the idea of escape. Like all prisoners of war, he had discussed the possibilities of escape many times, but the obstacles were too great to give it serious consideration. However, when the convoy of prisoners left Omsk one of the Russian guards refused to allow him to board the train. In his long fur coat, which completely covered his uniform, Lieut. Betegh looked so much like a Russian that the guard did not believe he was a prisoner. In fact, he had to open his coat and show his Hungarian uniform before the guard would allow him to board the train.

It was this incident that gave Lieut. Betegh the idea to escape. If he looked so much like a Russian why shouldn't he pass for one? So, several days later, when the convoy was within a few miles of Irkutsk, he leaped from the train while his guard's back was turned, and a few minutes later found himself alone in central Siberia. Luck had favored him again, and his escape for the moment was unnoticed.

But to be free in central Siberia is not the acme of happiness. Within a few hours his escape would be discovered and a systematic

After Dark in the War Capitals

search would be made for him. It was his plan to disarm suspicion by going to Irkutsk, and accordingly he set out to walk there. He reached the outskirts of the town without difficulty, but he was soon aware that his presence was exciting suspicion. Discovering that he was being followed, he jumped into a sledge and told the driver to take him to the Jewish quarter.

Coming from Transylvania, where there is a large Jewish population, Lieut. Betegh knew of the great free-masonry which exists among the Jews in the countries where they are oppressed. And as he happened to speak a little Yiddish—the international jargon of the oppressed race—he determined to appeal to a Jew to aid him.

He saw a little jewelry store in the heart of the Jewish quarter, and, after dismissing his sledge a few blocks away, he took refuge there.

The jeweler, an old Hebrew, was at first suspicious of the stranger. However, when Lieut. Betegh convinced him that he had just escaped from the hated Russians the old man agreed to hide him until a passport could be obtained to take him out of the country.

Obtaining a passport for an escaped prisoner is one of the most difficult tasks imaginable—especially in Irkutsk. In times of peace officials can be bribed, but the old jeweler found himself up against a stone wall because of wartime reg-

After Dark in the War Capitals

ulations. Several of the rich Jews in the quarter subscribed a thousand rubles—\$500—to aid the young Hungarian lieutenant to escape; but the necessary passport could not be obtained.

For three weeks Lieut. Betegh kept under cover in the jeweler's home before an unexpected opportunity developed which made his escape possible. A Roumanian jewelry salesman and diamond dealer came to Irkutsk and visited his customer, the old Hebrew who was befriending Lieut. Betegh. The jeweler hit upon the idea of borrowing the Roumanian's passport to get the officer into China.

To make a long story short Lieut. Betegh succeeded in obtaining the passport. On the payment of a good-sized sum of money the diamond dealer agreed to remain in the jeweler's home until Lieut. Betegh reached a point of safety in China. The diamond dealer's wife was to accompany the officer to the frontier, and return to Irkutsk with the passport.

Fortunately the young Hungarian officer did not differ greatly in appearance from the diamond dealer. He had grown a beard in Russia which made him appear much older than he actually was and he spoke enough Roumanian to pass muster.

With money raised by a little coterie of Jewish merchants in Irkutsk Lieut. Betegh bought

After Dark in the War Capitals

tickets to Port Arthur, and in due time arrived there. The Russian officials at Irkutsk never suspected that the bearded Roumanian on his way to Peking was Lieut. Victor Betegh, an escaped prisoner-of-war. And as the passports were vised by the proper authorities the long trip on the Trans-Siberian express was made without incident.

As it turned out, his journey from Port Arthur to the Chinese capital was the most difficult part of his trip. Two days after he arrived in the former city he was robbed of all his money; and as he was unable to make his predicament known, he had to walk the greater part of the way to Peking.

It required more than two months for Lieut. Betegh to make the journey. He suffered the greatest hardships and privations. He had no money to obtain places to sleep at night, what little he was able to earn being needed for food. Finally, more dead than alive, he reached the Chinese capital and presented himself at the Austrian Legation.

Here, of course, his hardships were over. He established his identity and in a few days was again the handsome Hungarian officer of yore. However, his return to Hungary was prevented by the fact that the English or the Japanese

After Dark in the War Capitals

would arrest him as an alien enemy if he left China.

So he was again forced to adopt the subterfuge of a forged passport. This was easily arranged, for the reason that the affairs of Roumania in Peking are in charge of the Germans. Lieut. Betegh was given another Roumanian passport, and accordingly set out for San Francisco by way of Japan. He had no difficulty in passing as a Roumanian traveller in Japan, and in due time he arrived at the Golden Gate.

Hungarian friends aided him with funds to reach New York, and a few days later he was walking up Broadway. The German and Austro-Hungarian Consular officials in New York refused to help him further, so he was obliged to appeal to his fellow countrymen. Fortune directed him to my Hungarian doctor friend, who gave him \$300 to continue his journey to Budapest.

Lieut. Betegh arrived in the Hungarian capital just twenty-four hours before I did; and one of his first acts, after reporting at the war ministry, was to visit the wife of his New York friend to return the \$300 which he had borrowed.

"Of course I can't go back to the Russian front," said Lieut. Betegh, when he had finished his remarkable tale. "If I should be captured again I would be shot for having escaped from

After Dark in the War Capitals

Siberia. I have asked to be sent to the Italian front, and I expect to go there or to Serbia immediately after Christmas. I am detailed on the General Staff here in Budapest for the next six weeks, so I will be able to have Christmas dinner with my fiancée, who is waiting at the hotel for me now.

"You don't know," he added naively, "how I have looked forward to this year's Christmas dinner."



After Dark in the War Capitals

CHAPTER V

VIENNA



STRAIGHT line may be the shortest distance between two points, according to geometry; but if you want to go to Vienna from Berlin in war time, make the trip via Budapest. You will find the roundabout journey much easier to negotiate than the direct route.

Entering Austria from Hungary is about as difficult as penetrating the Bronx from Manhattan on a subway express. If you travel on the Berlin-Vienna night express—schnellzug, they call it over here—you are obliged to get out of your warm berth at an unholy hour in order to submit to an examination in the cold station at the frontier. On the Berlin-Budapest express, however, the officials board the train at Teschen on the Hungarian frontier and your passport is examined in the privacy of your compartment, with the result that you arrive in Budapest in the morning fresh as a daisy, metaphorically speaking at any rate. From Budapest to

After Dark in the War Capitals

Vienna is a delightful four hours' ride along the Danube—as delightful and exciting as a trip from New York to Albany, up the Hudson.

I made the journey this way, and almost before I knew it I was in Vienna. I say “almost,” because I was so much interested in my British companion's account of the races in the Austrian capital that I did not pay any attention to the “scenic effects” en route. My companion was a British jockey who had won the 100,000 crown (\$15,000) sweepstakes in Vienna the week previous. He informed me that his fellow countrymen had not been interned in Austria or Hungary, despite the fact that those countries are at war with England. Later I confirmed his statements. The only British subject interned in Hungary is a negro who is unable to earn his living. In Austria the English are not only allowed their liberty, but several of them are engaged in the kingly sport of horse racing.

I attended one of the matinees of the November meeting in the Prater and I saw an English horse, ridden by a British jockey, win the 10,000 crown race. From which it will be seen that “war stricken” Vienna does not worry about England as an enemy.

It was nearly 6 o'clock when I arrived in the Austrian capital, and I hurried to the Hotel Bristol in a taxi, as I was anxious to witness

After Dark in the War Capitals

the "first night" of a new operetta at the Theatre an der Wien. Theatres in Vienna begin at the



The Operetta Factory at the Cafe Museum runs full blast despite the war.

inconvenient hour of half-past seven—with the result that I arrived at Theatre an der Wien with an empty stomach.

The Theatre an der Wien is the leading play-

After Dark in the War Capitals

house devoted to operetta in the Ausrian capital. There are many others—a dozen others, as a matter of fact—and all are open, and the operetta factories are running full blast despite the war.

“Wenn Zwei Sich Lieben” (When Two Love), was the title of the new operetta which I saw at the Theatre an der Wien.

I have rarely seen a more brilliant audience than the first night audience at “Wenn Zwei Sich Lieben,” which is rather remarkable, as the Viennese are not accustomed to dress for their theaters. Certainly I have never seen a more enthusiastic one. Every “number” was encored at least three times and there was a waltz at the end of the second act called “Dance the Last Waltz With Me,” which was repeated until the two principals seemed in a state of collapse. The composer was called for and led out on the stage by the enthusiastic players amid cheers and wild applause.

“Wenn Zwei Sich Lieben” is really an excellent Viennese operetta. It is easily the best of the five or six musical plays I saw during my visit. In the first place it has a good “book,” a rarity in the theater these days. In the second it has a beautiful score. And what is so important, it is sung by an excellent company headed by Betty Fischer and Herbert Tautenhayn. Of

After Dark in the War Capitals

course the chorus is sadly deficient in looks and deportment, but this is true of all musical plays in Vienna. But an orchestra of forty-five and principals who can sign make up for those minor shortcomings.

It is interesting to learn of the obstacles which have to be overcome in producing a big musical play in war time. Of course, able bodied men are scarce, so there are only six chorus men in this Eysler operetta. One of the characters in the play is an Austrian general, but as it is against the law at the present time to have a general dance on the stage, the actor who plays this part has to change into evening dress every time he has a song and dance.

When the costumes were made it was found that no blue crinoline to blend with the general color scheme could be obtained in Austria. Wilhelm Karczag, the director of the theater, solved the problem by buying white material and dyeing it blue himself.

It may be a year before "Wenn Zwei Sich Lieben" is seen in America, but it is certain to be given sooner or later.

Of course I managed to put away a couple of sandwiches and as many Pilseners between the acts. An intermission in Vienna is regarded as a heaven-sent opportunity to take care of the

After Dark in the War Capitals

inner man. So my omission was remedied in the intermission.

This did not prevent me from enjoying my first square meal in Vienna, which I took in the Deutsches Haus after the theatre. There are smarter restaurants in the Austrian capital than the Deutsches Haus, but there are none better. Nestling close to the great Sanct Stefan's Cathedral, it is known to all religious travellers who have a true appreciation of genuine Pilsener, Muenchener and other braus.

As I did not have a bread card (for bread cards are as important in Vienna as they are in Berlin) I had to eat pumpernickel. Otherwise my dinner was as complete and satisfying as any meal I had in the same restaurant two years ago. It was a trifle more expensive. The Wiener braten was "two crowns fifty" (about thirty-seven cents) instead of two crowns, as before the war. And there was an extra charge for butter. However, the big glasses of Pilsener were still forty hellers (about six cents), and there were no signs advising patrons to drink sparingly. There may be a shortage of many things in Vienna, but there is no shortage of beer.

It was nearly 12.30 before I finished my repast, which I topped off with a schaumtorte. The operetta had lasted until after 11 and I had dined slowly. So I started to walk back to the

After Dark in the War Capitals

Bristol along the Karnthner Strasse. I knew better than to look for gaiety in Vienna at 1 A.M. Even in times of peace the Viennese retire early, except during the season when balls



Chocolate Submarines going down the Irish Channel.

occupy the attention of the gay set. And to-day there is no public dancing.

But the next day I was leading the "gemuthlich" Viennese life of former years. The Austrian capital, outwardly at least, is little changed by the war. To be sure the street car conductors are, more often than not, attractive

After Dark in the War Capitals

girls. German officers are in evidence everywhere, and if you hear strains of martial music it is not necessarily an Austrian band. Bavarian troops are passing through Vienna on their way to the Balkans, and they march along the Ringstrasse singing their national songs.

The coffee houses are as crowded as ever despite the fact that no *schlagsahne* (whipped cream) is served, and the members of the Jockey Club lunch at the Bristol seemingly unmindful of the great struggle that is raging on half a dozen fronts.

All visitors to Vienna dine at least once at the famous *Rathauskeller*, a restaurant owned and run by the city. A feature of the dinner is the pastry, moulded to represent submarines, with periscopes and conning towers in icing. Diners vie with each other as to who shall send most of the unter-see boats down "the Irish Channel."

The *Rathauskeller* was started by the famous Dr. Lueger, a mayor of Vienna, who was anxious for the people to get the best cooking and the best Austrian and Hungarian wines at the lowest possible prices. While it is not run by the city to-day, its wines are bought by the municipality from vinyard owners all over the empire and they are the very best and the very cheapest in Vienna.

After Dark in the War Capitals

After the theater at night the great room of the restaurant is filled to overflowing. The atmosphere is redolent with the aroma of Wiener rostbraten and wurstel with gulasch sauce. Waiters are hurrying savory dishes of backhendl mit salat, beuschel mit Knodl und geselchtes mit kraut und knodin to the scores of hungry diners. The Rathauskeller serves "nothing but wine." But its wines are only two, three and four kronen (40, 60 and 80 cents) a bottle. Even the standard champagnes are only \$3 a bottle, but there is little call for them. A dish of Esterhazy rostbraten, washed down with a bottle of Gumpolds-Kirchner kaiserwein or a bottle of kleinoschegg, an inlander Schaumwein, is a memorable repast. Especially if topped off with a rathaus schaumtorte or a milchrahmstrudel. And when you get your check an hour later you find you have spent only three or four kronen (60 or 80 cents). You tip the man who presents your check and takes your money, you tip your waiter and you tip the boy who brought your wine. But the tip to the first man is only 20 heller (4 cents), the tip to the waiter only 10 heller (2 cents) and the tip to the boy only 6 heller (a little over 1 cent), so it is very inexpensive. This is the scale of tips per person. Any deviation from this is resented.

During my stay in Vienna, I attended several

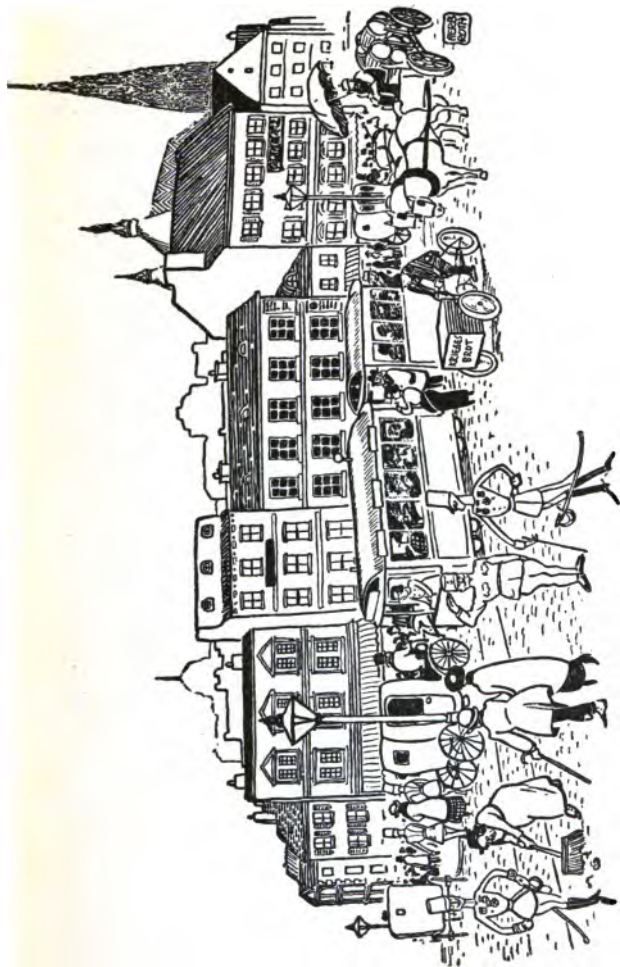
After Dark in the War Capitals

Philharmonic concerts—Felix Weingartner is still conducting his famous orchestra—grand opera in two great opera houses, dramas and comedies in half a dozen playhouses, and, as I said before, a score of operettas. As in Berlin the theatres are crowded nightly. In fact, the only attraction missing is an offering by Franz Lehar.

I found the "Celebrated Lehar" in his favorite corner at the Cafe Museum, the famous haunt of the Viennese composers. He had just received a letter telling of the great success of his operetta, "Alone at Last," in New York, and he was in the happiest possible frame of mind.

"Congratulate me, lieber Kitchen," he said enthusiastically, "I am to be married within a fortnight."

"Yes," he went on, after I had gripped his hand again and again, "I have faced danger in the war, and come back safely. So the great adventure has no terror for me. I shall soon be like one of your American cigars, a 'mild domestic,' I believe you call it."



A bit of older Vienna in the shadow of St. Stefan's Cathedral. Among the few changes the war has caused in the city's life are the girl street car conductors. German uniforms are everywhere in evidence.

After Dark in the War Capitals

CHAPTER VI

A TRUE WAR STORY



HIS is a story of a mother's devotion—one of the many tragedies of the war, but more dramatic than most of sad dramas which are to be encountered on every side.

One of my best friends in Vienna was Georg Karozag. We had spent many delightful evenings together during my visit to the Austrian capital two years ago, and we kept up a friendly correspondence on my return to America. Shortly after the outbreak of the war I received a postal from him stating that he was about to rejoin his command—he was a lieutenant in a crack hussar regiment—and proceed to the Galician front. At Christmas I received a long letter from him and a photograph of himself in his hussar uniform. I of course answered his letter, and thought no more about him until one March morning I received a cablegram from a mutual friend in London stating that Georg had died of cholera in Poland.

After Dark in the War Capitals

Naturally, one of my first visits in Vienna was paid to the parents of my dead friend. His parents had been particularly kind to me, and while I realized the visit would bring up painful memories, I knew they would never forgive me if I left Vienna without seeing them.

As it turned out, my visit was particularly pathetic. Among the effects of the dead officer, who was their only son, was a half finished letter addressed to me, which, of course, was turned over to them. Consequently I was received almost like a member of the family by the grief-stricken father and mother, and I was told the full particulars of their son's death—one of the most pathetic stories of a mother's devotion I have ever heard.

Georg was in his twenty-fifth year and was unusually closely attached to his mother. Until the war broke out he had never been away from home except for a brief holiday and his long absence last winter brought his mother to the verge of a nervous collapse. It came to the point where it was absolutely necessary for her to see her son. Her husband, although a millionaire and a man of considerable influence, was unable to get a pass for her to visit the front near Lodz in Poland, where the son's regiment was stationed. So she set out for Lodz alone. It was the middle of February, the temperature was

After Dark in the War Capitals

many degrees below zero and she was without the necessary military pass, but she was determined to see her boy. And to make a long story short, she succeeded.

After nearly a week of the hardest kind of traveling, much of it in troop trains, she reached Lodz, where she found every hotel occupied by German and Austrian officers. In desperation she decided to appeal to Gen. Mackensen, the famous German general, who was in supreme command. Fortunately, she was conducted to his headquarters, where she told her story to him in person.

"You shall see your son to-morrow morning," he told her when he learned that her boy was a lieutenant of a certain hussar regiment. "I am reviewing the Austrian troops at 6 o'clock to-morrow morning. If you will come to my headquarters at that time I shall permit you to witness the review—and, of course, you will see your son."

The review of the Austrian troops lasted nearly five hours and it was witnessed by Gen. Mackensen, his staff and the mother of my friend. Regiment after regiment passed by, but there was no sign of the young hussar officer. The anxious mother was almost ready to break down when at the very end of the last regiment in the review she caught sight of her son. For-

After Dark in the War Capitals

getting her peculiar position—no woman had even been allowed to witness a review of this kind—she called to her boy, but he did not hear her, and a few moments later he galloped out of sight.

“I must have a few words with my boy,” she pleaded with Gen. Mackensen as soon as the review was over. “I must talk with him—even if only for a moment.”

Evidently she struck a sympathetic chord in his nature, for he told her he would send a motor car to the hotel to take her to her son's regiment. For two days she waited for the car, but as it did not arrive she again went to Gen. Mackensen's headquarters, only to learn that he had been called away to another position on the front. Evidently he had forgotten all about his promise. There was no one to help her, so she started out alone to reach the little Polish village where her son's regiment was stationed. No conveyance was obtainable for any sum, so for three days and three nights the poor mother walked the frozen roads to her son's side. What little food she needed she bought from peasant's cottages along the way. Finally, more dead than alive, she reached the village and found her long sought boy.

It was a wonderful meeting between mother and son, and when the colonel of the regiment

After Dark in the War Capitals

heard what she had experienced in order to see her son he placed his quarters at her disposal. For twenty-four hours she remained as his guest and when the time came for her return he sent her back to Lodz in a military wagon. Three days later she was back in Vienna rejoicing with her husband that their son was alive and well.

Imagine their great shock when two days after her return they received a telegram from the colonel of the regiment stating that Georg had died suddenly of cholera.

At first they could hardly believe the news. His mother had just seen him alive and well—less than a week ago. But other telegrams from friends in the war department confirmed the news and there was nothing for the heart-broken father to do but make arrangements to bring back the body to Vienna. Fortunately that was arranged and ten days later, after fitting funeral services, the body was interred in the family lot in a Vienna cemetery.

It is difficult to convey any idea of the grief of the parents of this young officer. The father has lost all interest in life—money means nothing to him. A year ago one of the most active business men in Vienna, to-day he visits his office as infrequently as possible. The mother is simply inconsolate. Three times a week she vis-

After Dark in the War Capitals

its her son's grave and her mental condition is rapidly becoming critical.

And this is the grief over the death of only one young soldier. Thousands of others have met a similar fate. And only the high officials of the war office know how many hundred thousands have been killed—to say nothing of the million or more who have been wounded.

Yet all this grief and suffering has not brought the war any nearer to a close. The central powers as well as the allies will have to lose the cream of their youth before their differences are settled. And nobody realizes this more than the parents who have lost a son. Their only hope is that their children have not died in vain.



After Dark in the War Capitals

CHAPTER VII

A BRUSSELS EPISODE



FIRST saw her getting into a taxi in front of the Generalstab in the Moltke strasse in Berlin. Her smart, fur-trimmed tailor-made attracted my attention and although I am not more than ordinarily susceptible, I will confess that I followed the taxi with my eyes until it disappeared beyond the Column of Victory at the head of the Sieges Allee in the Tiergarten.

So when I found her taking coffee alone in the Palace Cafe in Brussels three days later—to tell the truth there were other attractions in addition to her faultless tailor-made—I was surprised, to put it mildly.

What could this most attractive young woman be doing in Brussels? I had come to the Belgian capital to write some articles for my paper and I had had a deuce of a time getting there. I knew that no mere travellers were being permitted to enter Belgium. Then it dawned on



Trailed by a Spy in Brussels.

After Dark in the War Capitals

me. The young woman who was taking her coffee in my hotel—I was registered at the Palace—was a spy who had been sent from Berlin to keep track of me.

To be sure she didn't appear particularly spy-like, but I realized that it certainly looked suspicious for a young woman to leave the Generalstab of General Staff offices in Berlin, where I had made so many visits to get a pass to visit Brussels, and when I sat down at a nearby table and ordered coffee I soon convinced myself of the fact that she had noticed me from her speeding taxi. For she met my gaze with that of a bolder or more susceptible man would have considered a slight bow.

When the waiter brought my coffee I hurried out to the desk to make a few well-chosen inquiries about the object of my interest. Monsieur Schneider, the manager of the hotel, informed me that "Mlle. Braun"—for that was the name the young woman had registered—had arrived from Berlin at noon—on the same train with me!

"Impossible," I exclaimed. "There wasn't a girl on my train."

"But, Monsieur, there are two sections of the Berlin-Brussels express," replied the hotel man. "Where did you take the train in Berlin?"

After Dark in the War Capitals

"At the Potsdammer Bahnhof," I answered.

"I believe I heard Madamoselle Braun say she took the train at the Friedrichstrasse Bahnhof," he went on. "You see, she was in the other section."

"Trailed by a skirt as sure as I'm alive!" I thought as I made my way back to the cafe. I'll confess that I was not only annoyed but a little frightened. Despite the fact that I had traveled all over Germany for a month without meeting a spy or encountering a disagreeable police official I was worried. I couldn't drink my coffee and pushed away a delicious looking chocolate eclair simply because a very pretty girl was sitting at a table a few feet away.

However, I consoled myself with the thought that she would have to go some to keep up with me, for I had planned a busy evening. I had engaged a table at the Taverne Royal, where I had invited a German officer to dine with me and I had mentally planned to visit at least four theatres and as many cabarets in order to be able to write a story on the night life in the capital. While I was dreaming how best to outwit the Kaiser's spy the young lady rose from her table and swept out of the cafe. She passed directly in front of my table, but she did not notice me. I couldn't help admiring her, despite the fact that she was on my trail, so to speak.

After Dark in the War Capitals

Certainly the head of the spy bureau in the Wilhelmstrasse knew how to pick them.

When Hugh Gibson, the First Secretary of the American Legation, joined me at the hotel, I confided my discovery to him.

"I'll give that beautiful spy the chase of her life," I said boastfully. "She'll have something to report to the Wilhelmstrasse when she gets through with me."

"I'd be very careful, if I were you," counselled Secretary Gibson. "Of course if you get into any trouble we'll help you out, but Brussels to-day is very different from what it was when you were here two years ago."

"But do you really think this woman followed me here to make a report on my doings?" I asked, for the whole affair had such a storybook setting. It was almost melodramatic.

"Stranger things have happened," replied my secretarial friend. "Every visitor to Brussels is under suspicion these days. You can never be quite sure who is a spy and who isn't. My advice to you is to be very careful what you say for you can rest assured that any views you express will reach the ears of the Military Governor within forty-eight hours."

Expectations of a good dinner at the Taverne Royale soon drove all thoughts of spies from my mind and as soon as I had changed to a dinner

After Dark in the War Capitals

coat I hastened to the famous restaurant in the Place Royale, where stands the statue of Godfrey de Bouillion, to meet my officer friend. I had to walk as there are no taxicabs in Brussels to-day. And I had to smile as I thought of starting out for an evening with a pocket full of zinc money. Silver and gold have been entirely replaced by zinc and paper, but as I was assured that my zinc pieces were legal tender I was not a bit worried.

When I arrived at the Taverne Royale I found a note from my friend stating that he had been detained at the Presse Centrale and would be unable to dine with me. However, he asked me to meet him at the Park Theatre where a German stock company was presenting Schiller's "Marie Stuart" in a vain effort to bring "Kultur" to the Belgians.

Edouard, the same blonde head waiter who was there two years ago and who used to be a head waiter at Sherry's in New York, conducted me to a flower-decked table and as soon as I was seated began suggesting a lot of expensive dishes. I was hungry, alone and with a pocket full of zinc money so I ordered a cocktail, filet of sole Burguignonne; filet mignon Rejane; petit pois, an artichoke vinaigrette and a pint of rare old burgundy. Twenty minutes later I was enjoying the best dinner I had had in Europe—the

After Dark in the War Capitals

best dinner in Europe and in "starving Belgium."

It may seem like a petit subject but the petit pois were wonderful. They didn't roll off my pea knife, I assure you.

I was negotiating a slick morsel of artichoke when I received a shock that almost caused me to collapse. In the doorway of the restaurant was my fair companion of the Palace Cafe, the beautiful spy who had tracked me from Berlin. With a score of restaurants in the Belgian capital to choose from why had she picked the Tavern Royale? There was only one answer—she was hot on my trail.

I am sure she must have noticed my discomfort for when she passed my table she smiled. It was a peculiar, inscrutable Mona Lisa smile and I didn't return it. I couldn't have returned it even if I had wanted to. When you are being followed by a spy in Belgium it is no joking matter. And for the second time in the same day I had no appetite for my coffee.

By this time the espionage was beginning to get on my nerves and I decided to take the bull by the horns or rather to throw the bull and ask the young lady if she wouldn't prefer accompanying me instead of trying to follow me all over the city. In my very best manner I walked over to her table and saluted her with a bow.

After Dark in the War Capitals

"We are both strangers in a great city," I began in my restaurant German. "We are both guests at the same hotel. If that is sufficient in-



"I felt I was being watched."

troduction, may I have the pleasure of joining you?"

"With pleasure," she replied simply.

"This evening I have an engagement to see a dreary German classic," I went on after I had ordered another demi tasse. "But I'd much prefer to go to the Gaiete Theatre and see 'Mlle. Nitouche.' That is, if you will accompany me."

"Then you are not a'sacre Boche'," she laughed in excellent French.

After Dark in the War Capitals

"Well, hardly!" I explained. "I'm a New Yorker—a newspaper man—and I'm over here to give the town the once over. I—I—I——"

She was so pretty that I hesitated to tell her that I saw through her absurd game of following me. But I couldn't resist the prospect of "putting one over" on the Wilhelmstrasse.

"I saw you at the Generalstab in Berlin three days ago," I began.

"I saw you, too," she confessed interrupting.

"Of course you did," I went on. "You know, I wasn't born yesterday. I'm going to make your task very easy. I'm going to take you around Brussels with me and then you can tell His Excellency at the Wilhelmstrasse all about it."

"Tell His Excellency at the Wilhelmstrasse all about it?" she repeated in amazement. "Why, what do you mean,"

"Don't you suppose I know why you're here?" I asked triumphantly. "I knew you followed me when you got on the train at the Friedrichstrasse Bahnhof last night," I lied glibly.

This was followed by an outburst of laughter. "That's awfully funny, that's really too good," said my fair companion, who seemed unable to control her mirth. "So you took me for a spy. That's too funny for words. Why, I took you for one, until I heard you speak German."

After Dark in the War Capitals

"Well, if you're not from the Wilhelmstrasse who are you?" I asked in desperation.

"I'm not German, I'm from Copenhagen," said Mlle. Braun. "I'm here in Brussels on a mission very much like yours.

"You see," she went on provokingly, "I'm a journalist. I'm here to get material for a series of articles on Belgium from a woman's point of view."

"Well, I'll send you a five-pound box of King Albert chocolates in the morning," I said, getting out of it as gracefully as I could. "In the meantime let's see if Brussels is the same wicked city it was two years ago."

From the mocking smile on Fraulein Braun's pretty lips I knew my invitation would be accepted. So I called the waiter and paid the check. The drinks were on me.

After Dark in the War Capitals

CHAPTER VIII

BRUSSELS



WHEN darkness falls in Brussels, the Belgian capital takes on its former air of activity and gayety. The boulevards, which seem more or less deserted during the daytime, become filled with people. The shops and stores which line the streets in the heart of the city are ablaze with lights, and as Brussels is one of the best illuminated cities in the world, the gloom which is so often felt during the daylight hours is largely dispelled. The brasseries and restaurants soon become filled with men and women, and except for the large number of German officers and soldiers no one but a Brusselois would be able to notice any difference between the city to-day and before the war.

The pass given to me at the General Staff in Berlin—for no one can enter Belgium without a pass—stated that I should report to the Presse Centrale (or official Press Bureau) immediately upon arrival in Brussels. Accordingly, after I

After Dark in the War Capitals

paid my respects to the American Minister, I went to the Presse Centrale, which has commodious quarters near the Palais Royal—the Palais Royal, by the way, is now a military hospital.

One of the most delightful conversationalists I ever met was in charge at the Presse Centrale. After signing my pass and registering me among the new arrivals, he offered to place himself at my disposal to show me the city sights. He seemed much disappointed when I informed him that I had seen the "points of interest" in the capital.

"I would be pleased to show you some of the sanitary improvements we have instituted," he suggested. "We have made many improvements here in Brussels."

"It would bore me to tears," I replied frankly.

"Perhaps you would enjoy a trip to the battlefield of Waterloo—yes?" he queried. "It can be arranged and I will send an officer with you who can explain every detail of the battle."

"I've been there—years ago," I answered. "Besides, I'm not interested in the past—I'm interested in the present."

"The Cavell case?" he asked quickly, divining my meaning. "Is that the reason you came to Brussels?"

"I am very glad, I am very glad," he re-

After Dark in the War Capitals

peated. "I shall arrange to have you see His Excellency the Baron von Bissing in the morning. All the facts shall be placed at your disposal. The most absurd lies have been printed about the case, I assure you. Really there's nothing remarkable about it. I can't understand why so much has been made of the unfortunate affair in your country. But His Excellency the Baron von Bissing will give you all the facts. Come here at 11 o'clock to-morrow and I will have everything arranged. In the meantime I suggest that you dine at the Taverne Royale—it is the best restaurant in Brussels—but perhaps you know it. After dinner there's a very good repertory company at the Park Theatre—German classics, you know. I think 'Maria Stuart' is the bill to-night. It is very fine."

I took the advice of my obliging friend at the Presse Centrale to the extent of dining at the Taverne Royale in the Palais Royal—for I had been there before.

This brings me to a brief discussion of the food question—the question uppermost in the minds of most Americans. My first statement will come as a shock to many, but it is absolutely true. Food is cheaper in Belgium to-day than it is in Germany or Austria. This is not a claim made by the Germans—it is a statement I

After Dark in the War Capitals

heard from a score of people in various walks of life and a statement which I verified by lunching in several restaurants in addition to comparing the butter, egg, fish and meat prices current in the German and Belgian capitals. This condition is due to the fact that the Belgian Relief Commission is constantly bringing in large supplies of food.

It must not be gathered from this that there are no hungry people in Brussels. But those who have money can live surprisingly well on little. Flour is distributed to the head of each family in much the same way as in Berlin, except here in Brussels bread cards have not been introduced.

As I had dined early I promenaded the Boulevard du Nord and some of the adjoining streets for nearly an hour before deciding what playhouse to visit. The sidewalks were thronged with people and crowded electric cars clanged noisily through the streets. The shops were open, although it was 8 o'clock (Berlin time), and from the number of people in them they seemed to be doing business.

I dropped into several brasseries (as the cafes are called), and found practically every table filled with men and women sipping beer or light wines. At the Metropole, one of the largest cafes on the Boulevard du Nord, I was unable

After Dark in the War Capitals

to find a place to sit down and watch the passing throng. So I was obliged to walk back to the Palace Cafe—which is the liveliest place in the capital—to take coffee and glance through the list of amusements in the newspapers.

Among the newspapers published in Brussels at the present time is a German daily, and this gave me the desired information. At the Park Theatre, I read, "Nathan the Wise," was the bill instead of "Maria Stuart," as my obliging friend at the Presse Central had informed me. As I knew this playhouse to be in the hands of a German stock company trying to bring "Kultur" to the untutored Brusselois, I decided a few minutes there would be sufficient.

At the Gaiete Theatre I discovered a French opera company giving a performance of "Mlle. Nitouche," which I chose instead of visiting the Olympia, where "Mon Bebe," a Gallic version of Margaret Mayo's "Baby Mine," was the bill.

The Royal Opera House is closed at the present time. The Royal Opera Company from Berlin gave a few performances there several weeks ago and the people of Brussels did not attend them. German officers and soldiers had the big playhouse to themselves. Concerts by famous German orchestras were also given there to spread "Kultur," but with the same result. The people of Brussels don't want anything German

After Dark in the War Capitals

and they show their position clearly by remaining away from every German entertainment.

Max Reinhardt, the famous Berlin manager, was approached by the German civil authorities to give a "cyclus" of Shakespearian performances in Brussels. He told me he actually made arrangements to bring his company from the Deutsches Theatre when he learned that his audiences would consist only of the German military and civil authorities who are living in Brussels.

There are fully two thousand non-military German office holders in Brussels to-day, and, together with the large number of the military, they support several cafes and restaurants. However, they are not even numerous enough to fill the Park Theatre nightly. I visited that playhouse for fifteen minutes and paid seven francs for the privilege of seeing a half empty house and a collection of homesick officers and soldiers.

Even the attendance at the Gaiete where I spent most of the evening was comparatively small. "Mlle. Nitouche" is not any too brilliant when well presented, and sung by a third-rate French opera company it is decidedly sad. Still the best sung operetta in the world would not attract crowded houses in Brussels. The people are not in the mood for theatre-going, and the

After Dark in the War Capitals

funniest farces, like "Mon Babe" for instance, draw poor houses. Even the Flemish theatre is closed most of the time.

The variety theatres—there are three or four of them—are a little better patronized. Juggling acts and trained animals are not as difficult to concentrate upon as three-act plays—especially in war time. And in variety houses the patrons are able to talk throughout the performance. German officers and soldiers are much in evidence at the variety theatres, where the entertainment is more to their liking than serious plays like "Maria Stuart" and "Nathan the Wise." The cabarets are also patronized by the members of the military, who are able to pick up a little French, as well as enjoy a little relaxation.

At the Orpheum Cabaret, which I visited after the theatre, I found fully half the audience made up of soldiers. The last number was being given, for 11 o'clock Belgian time is the closing hour in Brussels. This, of course, is midnight according to the German reckoning. At this hour all brasseries, cafes and places of amusement are obliged to close. All liquor selling, of course, ceases and lights are dimmed throughout the city. In less than half an hour after the closing time the streets are absolutely deserted except for the gendarmes who police the capital.

After Dark in the War Capitals

There seem to be only two popular amusements for the native Brusselois—discussing the war as it relates to Belgium and watching moving pictures. Of the two the former is by far the most popular. All over the city the people repair to their favorite brasseries and amid clouds of smoke discuss the latest war moves over their beer.

The censorship in Belgium is very strict—consequently there are always many alarming rumors circulating about the city. During my visit there was a rumor to the effect that the civil rule in Brussels was to be replaced by military rule because of the wholesale spying recently uncovered by the German authorities. I heard the rumor in three different localities, and until the absurdity of it dawned on the really intelligent people it caused a lot of worry. Of course the civil rule in Brussels will not be superseded by military rule. The Germans have spent fourteen months building up an elaborate civil Government and they are not going to destroy it at one fell swoop.

Next to talking about the war in the brasseries, watching war pictures in the various motion picture shows appeals strongly to the Brusselois. A surprisingly large assortment of war films are being shown in Brussels at the present time. In one of the larger movie houses near

After Dark in the War Capitals

the Galerie St. Hubert I saw an interesting collection of war pictures. In addition to the scenes at the German front the entry of the Teutonic forces into Warsaw and the fall of Novo-Georgiewsk—there were pictures of King George and Earl Kitchener reviewing the British troops, Czar Nicholas and his staff at the Russian front and Gen. Joffre awarding the Legion of Honor to a long line of officers in recognition of their distinguished service.

The French pictures were greeted with an outburst of applause which seemed to amuse several German officers who were sitting near me. When Gen. Joffre kissed a black officer (probably a Senegalese) on both cheeks the Germans roared with laughter. And I will confess that I laughed with them.

During the early days of the occupation the entrance of a German soldier into a cafe was a signal for all the Brusselois to leave. The native even left the street cars when the gray-coated invaders boarded them. This condition no longer exists. It is true that there are a few German restaurants patronized almost exclusively by German soldiers, but German officers are to be found lunching and dining in the same restaurants and hotels with the townspeople.

The street cars are usually half filled with soldiers throughout the day. They are allowed to

After Dark in the War Capitals

ride free, with the result that they spend a large portion of their leisure time riding about the city. The people of Brussels have become so used to them that they do not pay the slightest attention to them.

The conduct of the soldiers—I am referring to the Landsturmiers who are in the city to-day—is above reproach. They are under the strictest discipline and a complaint against a German soldier or underofficer—if substantiated by witnesses—means a term at hard labor for the unfortunate Teuton.

There have been few attacks or even attempted attacks on women in Brussels since the occupation of the capital.

Strangely enough, the German authorities have not tried to regulate the morals of the Belgian capital. Before the war most travellers knew Brussels to be one of the wickedest cities in Europe. Vice flourished openly on every side. And the Marolles, as the city toughs are called, make walks through many sections of the city absolutely dangerous.

The Marolles have been suppressed, or at least made to respect the majesty of the law, but still vice flourishes. There are many women on the boulevards as well as in numerous cafes noted for their bad reputations. One of the notorious resorts of the capital is the Bain Royale, or public

After Dark in the War Capitals

baths, where both sexes are permitted to disport themselves in a large swimming pool in decidedly scanty attire.

In Berlin the authorities have closed all the questionable resorts, and a large proportion of the women of the streets have been forced to work in munition factories in Spandau. But here in Brussels conditions in this respect are practically the same as before the war.

Another feature of Brussels life that is certain to attract the attention of a traveller is the large number of notices posted in conspicuous places about the city. When the German military authorities want to make an announcement to the public posters printed in German, French and Flemish are posted up on the walls of the Bourse, near the churches, especially the Cathedral of St. Gudule, and in various points about the Place de l'Hotel de Ville.

New announcements are made every few days and a group of townspeople can always be found standing around reading them. Sometimes they refer to the financial levies made on the city—Brussels is being levied upon to the tune of eight million francs a month, although this money will not be collected until six months after the end of the war.

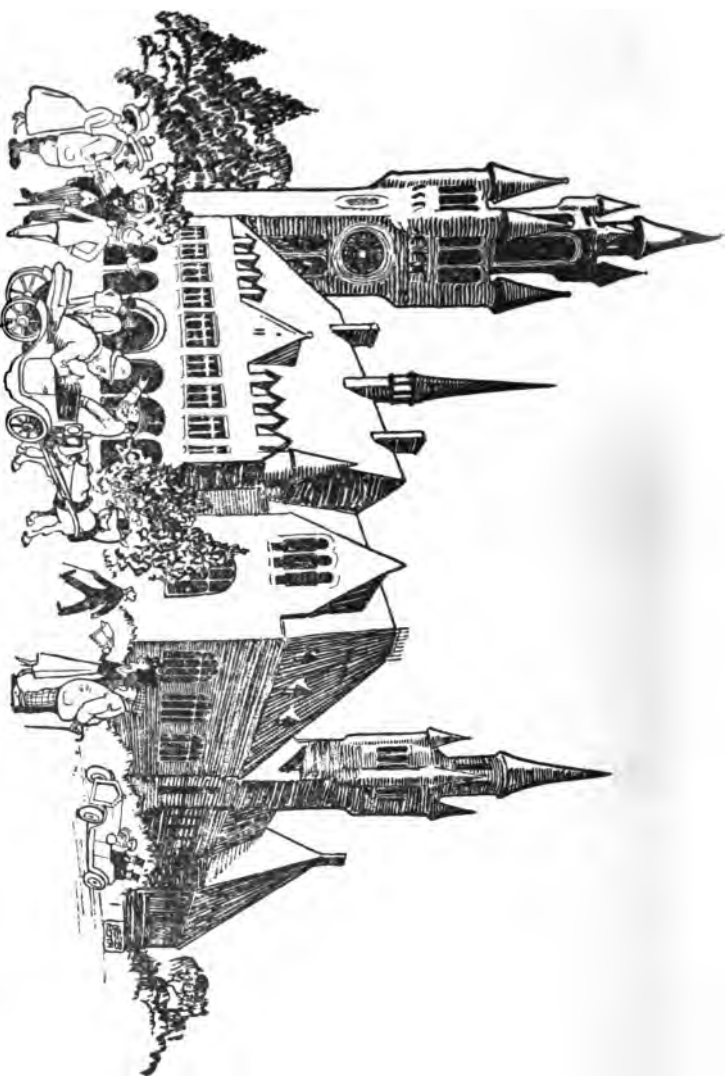
Usually the announcements refer to new regulations about to be put in force or warnings to

After Dark in the War Capitals

the inhabitants to correct certain evils. Of course the posters are resented by most of the population and a surprisingly large number of them are soon defaced.

Still it must be admitted that on the whole the population of Brussels is extremely well behaved. The German military and civil authorities have made many mistakes but the German administration must be accounted a success. Certainly no large city was ever more leniently governed by its conquerors. But just as the most liberal Mexican rule would be considered tyranny by New Yorkers if New York were occupied by Gen. Carranza's forces, the rule of the Germans is considered the worst kind of oppression by the Brusselois. Few kind words have been spoken for the German rule. But as all Belgians would say: Few are enough.

All is peaceful at the Peace Palace in The Hague possibly because nobody's home.



After Dark in the War Capitals

CHAPTER IX

THE HAGUE



THE first thing I did when I arrived in The Hague was to jump into a low-necked cab to see if the Peace Palace was still there.

I found it was, and looking quite new and clean despite the fact that it is untenanted. I'll confess I wasn't much impressed with the huge pile of brick and stone built by my fellow townsman, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and I'm sure I caught my cabbie laughing at me because I asked so many questions about it. However, the caretakers were positively enthusiastic about the building and after I had paid a 50 cent fee two of them assured me that it would be used for its intended purpose.

As I was in a hurry to reach the Hotel des Indes I gave its empty marble corridors and yawning council chambers the "once over" and returned to my cab.

"Sehr nett, nicht whar?" said the cabbie, who

After Dark in the War Capitals

thought I was a German. I was tempted to say "nit," but I restrained myself with an effort.

Few people I met abroad spoke of the Peace Palace seriously and in The Hague the mere mention of Andrew Carnegie's name invariably provoked smiles or laughter. For Holland is in a position to know that peace in Europe is a remote possibility. And her own position, geographically and every other way, is a very difficult one.

If she were to side with the allies, her country would be overrun by the Germans and if she linked her fortunes with Germany her rich colonies would be taken from her by England and her great mercantile navy utterly destroyed. Consequently neutrality is her only course. Holland does not want to get "in Dutch" with either side.

At the outbreak of the war Holland feared that Germany might attack her. Her army of approximately 600,000 men was mobilized and is still guarding the border. This fear of Germany made her people sympathize with the allies and for a long time a vast majority of the inhabitants were distinctly anti-German.

To-day, however, the majority of the people are more afraid of England than of Germany. The fear of a German invasion has been removed while England is holding up Holland's overseas

After Dark in the War Capitals

commerce and practically blockading her ports. And, what is perhaps more important, a large proportion of the people in Holland believe that Germany will triumph over her enemies. To favor the winning side is a common failing, as everyone knows.

Here in The Hague the success of the Central Powers has made a tremendous impression. And there is a general impression that Sweden is to enter the fray next spring to even up old scores with Russia, and the Dutch fear that the allies may strike at Germany through their borders.

In spite of various regulations and restrictions, Germany has been buying large supplies of fats and oils from Holland. The war has made fortunes for many people in The Hague, Rotterdam and Amsterdam, but on the whole it has affected the country in exactly the opposite manner. The mobilization has kept 600,000 men out of the productive pursuits for 17 months—and in a small country like Holland that is a serious matter. The expense of maintaining the army is a big item—especially as revenues have fallen off. The lack of factory hands and certain raw materials as well as a demoralized market for much of her products has had a serious effect. And while Holland is infinitely better off

After Dark in the War Capitals

than Switzerland, where conditions have become acute, it is far from normal.

The war has been brought home to the Dutch with a vengeance. Thousands of Belgian refugees fled across her borders and are still being cared for in concentration camps near Utrecht. These refugees have made a great impression on the Dutch, who have no desire to have their country become a second Belgium.

A great deal has been printed about the wonderful natural defenses of Holland, how dykes could be cut and the country flooded so as to make invasion impossible. There is no doubt that a large part of the country could be flooded, although it would take several days rather than several hours to accomplish it. Still, it is extremely doubtful if such heroic measures would be resorted to. The Dutch are anxious to preserve their neutrality, but from what many Hollanders told me, an invasion, if seriously attempted, would not be opposed except by the army. They have no intention of destroying their country.

The Hague is one of the smallest and least distinguished capitals in Europe. It is really only a suburb of Rotterdam, for it is but 25 minutes' ride by electric train. It has a population of about 300,000. Its most imposing pile is the unused Peace Palace. The Royal Palace looks

After Dark in the War Capitals

more like a barracks than a Queen's residence.

However, The Hague gives one the impression of being quite an important little place, espec-



No "shush-ers" are the many international spies who frequent The Hague's hotels. They mingle and chat with each other like old cronies, according to a newer ethical system of spying.

ially in the early hours of the evening. Then the narrow little streets in the heart of the city are thronged with people and the hotels and coffee houses are filled to overflowing. Of course,

After Dark in the War Capitals

there are plenty of uniforms in evidence, but what is even more noticeable is the large number of Germans, Belgians, Austrians and English who are on every side. Like all neutral capitals on the continent, The Hague is a clearing house for spies. All the Germans, Belgians, Austrians and English one sees are not spies, but many of them are. They do not keep to themselves as one might expect, but chat with each other across the tables in the coffee houses and bars.

German, Belgian and English newspapers are sold in the streets, and in large numbers, for the reason that there is nothing in the Dutch papers but rumors. Two Belgian papers, *l'Echo Belge* and *La Belgique*, are published in Holland, but the Berlin and London papers, especially the *Berliner Tagelblatt* and the *London Times*, have the call because a larger proportion of the population reads and speaks either English or German.

The Hotel des Indes, which is the best hotel in Holland, is the Mecca of the members of the diplomatic corps. Its prices have advanced slightly since the war owing to the increased demand for accommodations. In general, however, restaurant prices are the same as they were two years ago and one can have a Dutch treat for very little money.

A French opera company is playing at the

After Dark in the War Capitals

leading theater—giving performances of “Rigoletto,” “Carmen,” “The Jewels of the Madonna” to good houses. In addition there is a playhouse devoted to musical comedy where “The Marriage Market” is the bill, and a variety theater where a fairly good revue is holding forth. I dropped in to see a portion of the revue. It was played in Dutch, but there was enough German in it for me to catch a few of the jokes, which were about the war.

After the theater I went to the Cafe Central, which is the principal rendezvous for the well-to-do Hollanders, wealthy refugees and international spies. If one is fond of gin and bitters—the national drink of Holland—the Cafe Central is not half bad. But the Dutch beer served there is a great disappointment after the wonderful Pilsener at the Deutsches Haus in Vienna. And its cocktails are vile.

I discussed the “bloedige corlog” (which is Dutch for the awful war) with a friend from Rotterdam who is in the shipping business. He was particularly bitter against the English because the ships of his line had been held up for weeks with the result that the annual dividends were cut in half.

“Our sailings are regulated by the British Admiralty,” he said. “Of course they can wipe us out if they choose to do so and we can’t do any-

After Dark in the War Capitals

thing. Literally, we are between the devil and the deep blue sea. And I tell you we'll all be glad when the crazy nations stop killing each other."

"Which side will be victorious?" he repeated. "Well, you can bet on it that peace won't be made here in The Hague. Peace will be dictated either in Berlin or London. You can take your pick. Personally I pick Berlin, for I don't believe the entire world could crush Germany, let alone the allies, as they are lined up to-day."

It is interesting to know that conscription is in force in Holland to-day. Before the war the young men of each district drew lots to determine who should serve and who shouldn't. To-day every youth must serve in the army unless physically unfit. Nevertheless, the people of Holland are very well satisfied with their present form of government. The Queen is very popular and is frequently seen walking about The Hague attended by a single companion. The Socialists make a little noise from time to time, but they are in the decided minority. Little by little the country is regaining its former prosperity and a big boom is expected after the war. No one was able to give me any real reason for their optimism, but the fact remains that they are optimistic.

It is more than likely that Holland will be a

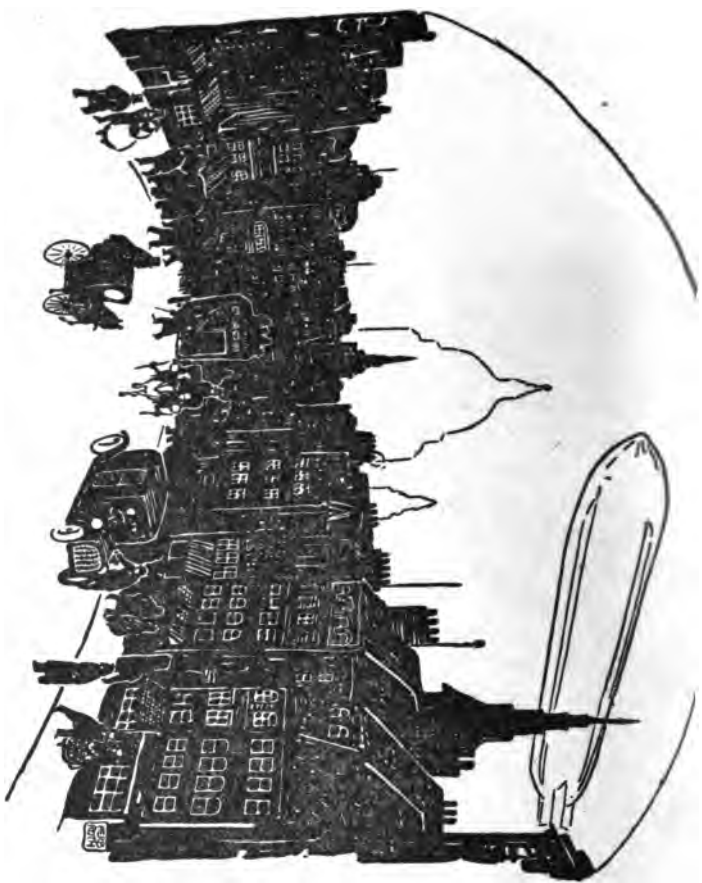
After Dark in the War Capitals

Mecca for tourists after the war. There are thousands of Americans with means who will never care to visit the central powers and in the very nature of things Holland cannot help but be benefitted. Of course, Americans will be welcomed. Anyone with money to spend is welcomed in Holland. However, the Dutch give full value for every dollar. The people are clean and honest, which is more than can be said for some of the other European peoples. So perhaps we can forgive their inability to make a good cocktail. Even the Germans, whose efficiency is unquestioned, are not perfect in this respect.



The cocktails perpetrated at the Cafe Central—one of The Hague's best drinkeries—would convert J. Barleycorn himself into a prohibitionist.

Fleet Street, very much as it must have been in the Middle Ages—But you won't find a single person in London who will admit that he is afraid of Zeppelins.



After Dark in the War Capitals

CHAPTER X

LONDON



HEN I arrived at the Fenchurch Street station at 10 o'clock at night I found London plunged in darkness. I had ridden for an hour behind drawn shades in a dimly lighted first-class compartment from Tilbury—where I landed from Rotterdam—for when I entered the train the guard called my attention to a printed notice in the carriage which read: "The Shades of This Compartment Must Be Kept Drawn During the Hours of Darkness."

Of course I knew that the street lamps in London had been partially obscured and that all the windows were required to be shaded in order to lessen the danger of Zeppelin attacks. But I never dreamed that the huge city could be as dark as I found it. Fenchurch street was in total eclipse, and to make matters worse there were no taxicabs around. As the train was crowded with travellers who had arrived in Tilbury on the Flushing boat from the Continent

After Dark in the War Capitals

there was a great deal of confusion when they filed out of the station into the black night. Several "bobbies" took the situation in hand, however, and after a wait of nearly half an hour I got a taxi to take me to the Savoy Hotel.

I don't believe I ever had a more thrilling taxicab ride than this trip through the darkened streets of London to my hotel. Fenchurch street station is in the "city," and it is quite a respectable distance to the Savoy, which is in the Strand near Charing Cross.

The street lamps along the entire distance were painted black, allowing only the dimmest rays to fall on the pavement, and every building was in total darkness. Only the head and tail lamps on the taxicabs and dimly lighted buses revealed the way, but my chauffeur sped ahead seemingly unmindful of the danger. Half a dozen times I expected to crash into the slow moving vehicles which were in our path. So when my driver finally swung into the covered driveway at the Savoy I breathed a sigh of relief.

I do not recall visiting London during the middle ages, but I doubt if its streets were as dark in those days, or rather nights, as they are to-night. Certainly they must have been safer, for speeding taxicabs did not exist in those times. And when it is remembered that dark-

After Dark in the War Capitals

ness falls in London long before 6 o'clock at this time of the year the confusion and danger resulting from this situation is apparent. Of course, one gets used to it in time. In fact, after four or five nights of darkness I became reconciled to it.

Of course, it is absurd to state that the authorities have put these regulations in effect for any other reason than a well-grounded fear of Zeppelins.

So few persons, comparatively speaking, are killed in the periodical Zeppelin raids that the danger to the individual is hardly worth talking about. You won't find a single person in London who will admit that he is afraid of being killed by the Zeps, as they are called. Still the fact remains that Londoners never know when the giant aircraft will be overhead, raining bombs on them. And to prevent the raiders from locating important structures the entire city is kept in darkness.

However, this has not caused as great a change in the city's life as one would suppose. Instead of remaining in their homes the people find their way about in the dark. True, the streets are not as crowded as they used to be, but if the people have any place to go they are not deterred by the darkness.

After the brilliantly lighted streets of Berlin

After Dark in the War Capitals

and Budapest, London is a decided contrast. But more goes on in the dark in London than in some of the well lighted continental capitals.

The gayest spot in London is on a narrow crooked street a stone's throw from the Hotel Carlton. Here is located *Ciro's*. And in these



Dancing at *Ciro's*.

drink-restricted days and Zeppelin nights *Ciro's* is the only real centre of gayety in the metropolis.

Ciro's is a restaurant. It is a branch of the famous Paris and Monte Carlo establishments. In many respects it is the best restaturant in London. It is comparatively new, occupying a modern stone structure that was built especially

After Dark in the War Capitals

for it. At *Ciro's* that portion of London's population which refuses to be depressed by mere war conditions gathers to forget its troubles in champagne bubbles and in the mazes of the latest dances. The establishment is run along club lines. The initiation fee is five pounds, and the prices are kept high enough to prevent "undesirables" from visiting it more than once.

Here "club members" may drink and dance to their hearts' content until 1 A.M.—a rare thing in London these nights, when liquor selling is forbidden after 9.30 P.M. and the public dancing is restricted to a few of the big hotels. Of course there are numerous supper clubs, but since the recent crusades of the military authorities their gayety is much subdued. *Ciro's* has not been interfered with, and consequently it is the "smartest place" for luncheon, tea or supper after the play.

The afternoon I visited *Ciro's* I found it crowded with attractive girls and just enough officers to make an interesting picture. A negro orchestra was playing in the grill, where the floor was comfortably crowded with happy dancers. Except for the khaki uniforms it was a scene that might be encountered anywhere in New York. I visited the restaurant-club after the theatre the same evening. The picture was somewhat changed, for the women guests were

After Dark in the War Capitals

in evening gowns and the men in dinner coats. A sign on the wall explained why. It read: "After 10 P.M. officers in uniform will not be allowed on the floor."

If the men had been in evening coats—dress coats or "full evening dress," if those terms are clearer—I would not have been surprised. Before the war every gentleman wore evening dress to attend the theatre or any other evening function. But the war has brought about a great change.

"Evening dress optional but unfashionable," is the notice in the advertisements and programmes of many of the theatres. To be sure, there are many Londoners who disregard it. Evening dress is correct and is worn by many. However, the dinner jacket has replaced the dress coat to a noticeable degree, and a large proportion of well-to-do Londoners no longer "change" in the evening to attend the theatre.

At Cairo I met the former Malvina Longfellow of New York, and her British officer-husband, who had just returned after six months at the Dardanelles. He said he preferred khaki to a dinner coat, but as his wife "didn't raise her husband to be a soldier," he had no choice.

Miss Shirley Kellogg, another former Broadway beauty, was supping in the grill room with her husband. And I saw no less than three

After Dark in the War Capitals



"Khaki is the proper thing now, old dear!"

After Dark in the War Capitals

other more or less happily married pairs negotiating chafing dish specialties. Altogether it was most popular. Shortly after midnight Miss Violet Loraine of the London Hippodrome came in with two pretty girls from the Gaiety and three times as many officers. They livened things up a bit. When Miss Loraine ordered a kippered herring and a seltzer lemonade, the naughty, reckless night life of London was in full blast.

There are not as many American actors in London as there are British actors in New York—but you can hardly walk down Piccadilly without stepping in one. And, believe me, an actor is an awful thing to step in.

The theatres in London have been hard hit by the war. To be sure, the revues are playing to good sized audiences, but the serious plays are doing badly. London is in no mood for serious plays.

A New Yorker, who has seen the successful Broadway shows, finds very little to see in London. And the London reviews like "Shell Out," "Push and Go," which one might expect to be more or less original, are practically all made up of American songs, jokes—and performers. There never has been a time when a London stage was so completely dominated by American offerings as at present. The reason is ap-

After Dark in the War Capitals

parent. London managers are unwilling to risk their money in new ventures. It is safer to bring over successful American plays.

Compared with Berlin and Vienna, where Shakespeare, Moliere, Ibsen and Strindberg are the bill in several theatres, the drama in London is at a very low ebb. Except the recent play by Pinero—a very poor play, by the way—there is not a single offering on the London stage by a playwright of the first rank. The most notable is "Mavourneen" by Louis N. Parker. It is a beautifully staged play of the days of Charles II., and Miss Lily Elsie gives a charming performance in it. But it will hardly be remembered in another twelvemonth.

Most Londoners are well satisfied to hurry to their homes immediately after the theatre. "Dry" supper parties at the hotels are not very gay, and the "night clubs" are not for family parties. The grills at the Savoy, Carlton and Piccadilly attract some people who must have a bite to eat before retiring. Generally speaking, however, midnight London is as quiet as a village, except at Ciro's, where the fox trotting continues until the giddy hour of 1 A.M.

A Supper Dance at the Savoy.



After Dark in the War Capitals

CHAPTER XI

LONDON IN WAR TIME



F all the war capitals that I have visited—including Berlin, Vienna and Budapest—London is outwardly the most affected by the war. Naturally the darkened streets bring this fact home to the visitor. But as a matter of fact, there are more signs of war in evidence in the daytime in London than in any other of the large capitals.

In the first place the city is filled with soldiers. In the continental capitals there are plenty of soldiers in evidence but here in London they are ten times as numerous. Wherever you turn you encounter men in uniforms. Recruiting stations dot the town and they are usually surrounded by khaki clad men who are trying to win recruits; soldiers are heard as well as seen.

In the second place a large number of the soldiers are wearing bandages or limping with the aid of canes.

After Dark in the War Capitals

England believes that the presence of wounded soldiers helps recruiting and accordingly all the wounded men who are able to be about are encouraged to walk or ride around the city. Of course there are large numbers of wounded men in Berlin and Vienna but they are kept in the background.

The restrictions in regard to liquor selling also bring the war home to the visitor in London, as well as to the native. The public houses, as the saloons are called, are open only five and one-half hours out of the twenty-four. Only between 12 and 2 in the afternoon and 6 and 9:30 in the evening is it possible to buy a drink in a cafe or restaurant.

While visitors in London do not have to have their passports examined by the police as in continental capitals—unless you remain longer than twenty-eight days—the forms that have to be filled out at the hotels and boarding houses are as annoying as the police inspectors. And if any important detail about your future plans is missing you receive a visit from a very polite detective who clears up the situation to his satisfaction.

Thus it will be seen that London is affected by the great struggle in more ways than one—to put it mildly. And when you ride about the city and see numerous buildings that have been

After Dark in the War Capitals

wrecked by Zeppelin bombs, searchlight stations and anti-aircraft guns you begin to realize that war is at your very door. You never know what night the Zeppelins will be dropping bombs on your hotel and despite the fact that you might welcome a raid for the pleasurable excitement



Melodrama is not popular in London these Zeppelin nights.

of seeing a Zepp in action it must be admitted that Berlin and Vienna have the advantage of London in this respect.

The best description of the Zeppelin in action that I heard was given to me by a young English matron whose home I visited during my stay in the British capital.

"We were in Daly's theater when we heard the firing," she told me. "Of course we knew what

After Dark in the War Capitals

was happening and we hurried out into the street to see if we could get a glimpse of the raiders. Just as we stepped out of the lobby I heard a voice say 'the blighters are just around the corner.' And sure enough when I looked up into the sky I saw one of them. It looked like a huge cigar wrapped in tinfoil. Shells were bursting beneath it and seemingly close enough to damage it but it soon disappeared. We stood around in the street for ten or fifteen minutes, saw a couple of fire engines dash past and then went back to the theater. The show had not been interrupted although some of the actors were visibly nervous. In the morning we read that fifty people had been killed and three times as many injured but the London newspapers are so untrustworthy that we didn't know whether to believe the report or not.

"I'm not a bit frightened by the Zepps," she went on, "but if there's another raid I'm going to send my children to the country. I don't want to take any chances where my babies are concerned."

Among the working classes there is great contempt for the Zepps. Of course much of this is bravado but a surprisingly large number of people believe it is their duty to disregard Germany's efforts to strike terror in their hearts. They make many jokes at the kaiser's expense and one

After Dark in the War Capitals

of the most popular dishes in the restaurants is "Two Zepps and a stack of clouds"—sausages and mashed potatoes.

In spite of the fact that London is dark at night and that several hundred men, women and children have been killed and injured in addition to considerable damage to both public and private property—the Zeppelin raids must be accounted failures up to date. The only thing they have accomplished has been to increase the hatred toward the Germans. A great deal has been printed about the hatred in Germany of the English, but it does not equal the hatred toward the Germans by the English. The bitterness of this hatred is apparent on every side. And it is carried to an absurd degree. To be seen reading a German newspaper or overheard speaking German is sufficient to provoke a riot. Everything German is under the ban. The kaiser is spoken of as a criminal of the lowest type and the German people are charged with every vice and crime on the calendar.

There is very little feeling against the Austrians, who are regarded as German dupes. And, of course, there is even less feeling against the Hungarians. Still the latter have been interned in England, although the English in Hungary have not been molested.

"How long do you think the war will last?" I

After Dark in the War Capitals

asked a barrister friend at luncheon to-day. "Well, the first seventeen years are going to be the hardest," he answered with a laugh. "Seriously," he went on, "I think this war is only the first of a series of wars. For sooner or later we shall have to fight Russia."

This opinion is quite widespread. Russia is a welcome ally to-day but nearly every well informed person admits that there will be a clash between Russia and England after Germany has been disposed of—for as I explained before no one admits the possibility of a victorious Fatherland.

"It is true that Russia is temporarily out of the struggle; it is true that the Italians and French are unable to advance against the central powers; it is true that we have been defeated at Gallipoli and that we will probably be driven from the Balkans," admitted my barrister friend. "However, with our navy we can keep up the war indefinitely. Rest assured England will never give in."

"So England will fight until the last Belgian, Serbian and Frenchman are killed?" I said jokingly.

"Of course," he answered, "this is our war and we're going to see it through. We have no absurd delusions that we are fighting merely for humanity. We had to enter the war to pre-

After Dark in the War Capitals



"At Ciro's, 'club members' may drink and dance to their hearts' content until 1 A. M.—a rare thing in London these days."

After Dark in the War Capitals

serve our prestige—and we're going to win it for the same reason. We can't have Germany at Calais—at our very doors. The violation of Belgian neutrality gave us a wonderful excuse to come into the struggle but we would have had to come in anyway. We are natural enemies of imperial Germany and our differences can only be settled by a struggle that will break Germany's power.

"But for the sake of argument," I interrupted, "suppose Germany should triumph?"

"In that event we are all prepared to die."

I had this same argument with dozens of Englishmen and the "win or die" spirit was unmistakable in every instance.

I lunched at the Reform club with Sir Claude Schuster, a prominent London barrister, T. L. Gilmour, of the British secret service, and Mr. Donald, editor of the Chronicle, one of London's leading dailies. They were anxious to meet me as I had just arrived from Germany—I was anxious to talk with them as their views would be worth writing about. So it was a pleasant little gathering all around.

Sir Claude Schuster expressed himself as supremely confident in the ultimate success of the British arms. "We always muddle through all right in the end," he added, although he did not explain how the "muddling" would be done.

After Dark in the War Capitals

"We've all made up our minds to die if need be," said Mr. Donald. "We'll never give in to Germany. Personally I think it will take many years to crush the central powers, but we'll do



In the spotlight at a London Music Hall.

it if it takes the last man and the last dollar in the Empire."

"I have no doubts about the ultimate success of the allies," said Mr. Gilmour, "but I am

After Dark in the War Capitals

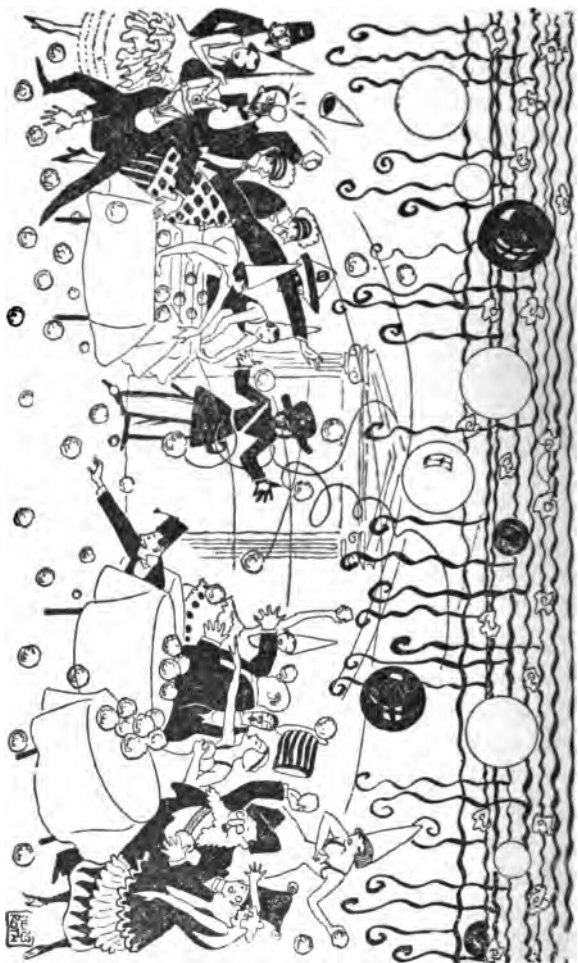
afraid that we shall have to make the greatest sacrifices to do it. We will have to cut down in our mode of living and eliminate the terrible waste that exists everywhere in England. The majority of English people have not begun to realize the desperate straits we are in. We're fighting for our very existence, and personally I would welcome an attempted German invasion, for it would wake us up. There can be no doubt about the result if we only keep up the war. What I am afraid of is a sudden movement for peace in all the warring countries. If a sudden demand for peace should sweep through England we might have to make terms with Germany, and that would mean another war a few years hence. Either Germany or England must be supreme, and I think we ought to settle the matter once and for all."

It will be noticed that the spirit of victory is absent from all of these interesting views on the war. And what I have quoted here I heard a score of times and in a score of places. England's bulldog spirit is unshaken—there is no question about that. But the well informed people realize the almost superhuman task that the British nation has taken up. They realize that the present incompetents in charge of the government must be replaced by strong men; that

After Dark in the War Capitals

the graft and waste that exists on every side must be wiped out and that the greatest sacrifice must be made by everyone before the Germanic arms can be defeated.





The gay night life in Paris before the war.

After Dark in the War Capitals

CHAPTER XII

PARIS

BECAUSE this chapter is about Paris, there is no occasion to hide it from your wife or daughter. I am sure the Reverend Lyman Abbott would approve of it. For Paris in war time is not a City of Pleasure. It is no longer the home of the super-wicked, the newest fashion and the latest luxury. Within its limits there is no longer sunshine, gaiety or "life."

To be sure the Boulevards, with their swift currents of tumultuous life, sweeping in opposite directions or circling in brilliant eddies in each open square, still remind one of the Paris that was. But the French metropolis at the present time can be compared only to a beautiful woman who has lost her soul. In other words—in the vernacular of Broadway, for instance—Paris is "on the blink."

I arrived in the French capital at noon from London, via Havre. For the most available

After Dark in the War Capitals

route for travellers is by train from London to Southampton, where a tri-weekly channel service brings you to Havre in 15 hours—if you are lucky.

It is quite difficult to reach Paris and even more so to leave it. For not only do you have to visit the American and French Consul-Generals in London to have your passport vised, but you are put through the third degree by numerous British officials before you get out of England and you are re-examined by as many French officials when you step on the wharf at Havre. As often as not you are searched. But this is done so politely that you really don't mind it.

Compared with travelling in Germany or Austria, a journey in France at the present time is a genuine hardship. Trains start at any old time, the cars are dirty and for companions one has ambulance drivers, Red Cross nurses, soldiers reeking with vile tobacco, and other picturesque but unappetizing personages. German "Kultur" may have a lot to answer for, but at least Emperor William's subjects are not afraid of soap—which is more than can be said for the bulk of the citizens of the French Republic.

It took a lot of soap to remove the stains of travel from any countenance when I arrived at the Ritz. The fact that the rate for my apartment was only one-half of what I had paid two

After Dark in the War Capitals

years before made me forget much of the unpleasantness of the journey and after I had lunched in solitary grandeur in the Louis the Limit dining room, life took on a rosier aspect.

I found all the sights of Paris standing as before, but somehow they have lost much of the glamour and impressiveness which before the war seemed to clothe them. The Arc de Triomphe has now a kind of gauntness, an almost spectral air, as it stands, still magnificent and beautiful, at the top of the long and now deserted Champs Elysses.

Yet one can hardly help, as one looks at it, anticipating the historic procession that will defile under it when the war is over and if a victory is won. In Paris one dreams even in daytime.

The Eiffel Tower still draws many eyes, but not now so much in wonder at its mechanical structure as at the wireless tentacles, which radiate from it and which one knows the Germans would destroy with their aeroplanes if they only could.

The glories of the Rue de la Paix and the Avenue de l'Opera are temporarily eclipsed, though here again a revival both in traffic and the reopening of shops is to be noted. But the life, the animation, the gay and vivacious gesture, the delightful gazing into the shop windows—all

After Dark in the War Capitals

these are wanting and all are sadly missed by the foreign visitor.

However, a gayer note is being thrown into Paris life in the evening. Not only are fresh theatres reopening every week, but their bills reflect lighter spirits than at any time since Germany rushed on Paris.

For instance, with the Germans fifty miles from the gates of the Gay City the popular star Mlle. Mistinguett, is amusing crowds at the Olympia Music hall in a revue called "Kiss Me," whilst a typical French farce entitled "Love's Vacations" is making a good profit at the Theatre Michel. Of purely patriotic shows there are only a few, the most recent being "We Must Get It" (meaning Alsace-Lorraine) which is being performed at the Palais-Royal, a theatre hitherto devoted to the most risqué comedies.

The Opera and Opera Comique and Comedie Francaise have long since opened their doors, but as yet for matinees only. Patriotic places like "The Cid" are being given, and at the end of each performance there is always the singing, led by some well-known songstress, of the "Marseillaise," or the "Chant du Depart."

Several little theatres in Montemarte have reopened as cinemas, but their audiences are made up of soldiers. The Bal Bullier is turned into an ambulance. It may not be generally known,

After Dark in the War Capitals

but this bal, once the most notorious of gay dancing halls in the Latin Quarter, the great rendezvous of Mimi Pinson and her lover, of the grisette and the Sorbonne student, has of quite recent date taken on a highly respectable character, yet, strangely enough, without losing any of its old reputation for gaiety and "go."

Like other regions of Paris as she is known to the American visitors, the Quarter has ceased to exist—temporarily, let it be hoped. The artists are dispersed, some mobilized, some returned to America or England or Austria, or Hungary. The classes at the College of France have indeed been resumed, but the attendance is greatly reduced, partly owing to the fact that many of the professors are with the colors and partly because many of the students are in training for the new levy of 1916. The Cafe Harcourt on the "Boul' Mitche" has remained open, but the student spirit, if not completely damped, is turned into other and more serious channels.

"Mimi" has departed to her relatives in the country, or is engaged at hard and virtuous work in the rooms for making army necessities; and she is now rarely seen arm in arm with "Rodolphe" or any other of the delightful harum-scarum figures of the "vie boheme." Montmartre, except in cinemas, too, is in mourning.

After Dark in the War Capitals

And yet the Latin Quarter, like other sections of the city, is slowly coming back to life. The war fell on the Quarter like a thunderbolt. Artists as a rule do not follow political events very closely, and, by the way, there are still artists in the Quarter who do not show, and even claim not to feel, the slightest interest in nor curiosity about it or its consequences. Consequently the artists were rudely awakened from dreaming impressionism or futurism or cubism, shaded off with more or less passionate flirtation, to such stern realities as the cessations of all order to arms, and the falling of all things merely beautiful and artistic into the background of a canvas whereof the foreground was completely occupied by war and its terrors.

As artists are notoriously improvident, great suffering at once threatened the needier among them. The suffering was alleviated by the establishment of centres where meals could be had at nominal cost, and by other discreet methods of saving pride and at the same time satisfying hunger.

Yet during all this crisis there has been nothing really sad about Paris, though naturally there is and has been an entire lack of that animation and gayety among the people that are so characteristic of the city in ordinary times.

After Dark in the War Capitals

Nowhere is this lack of animation and gaiety so striking as at the Bourse. Up to a few months ago the place was shut up, and what had always been a sort of pandemonium from 10 to 11 in the forenoon to 2 or 3 in the afternoon became a silent and deserted building, all the more remarkable owing to the previously noisy nature of its daily life.

Now that the Bourse has reopened, though only for cash transactions, the former great feature, the shrieking and shouting of the jobbers on the steps of the building, their wild gesticulations, giving the scene the air of being a moving picture rehearsal for some film of Donnybrook Fair, is for the time being in abeyance. It is only for half an hour toward noon, when the first quotations are listed, that there is a faint attempt to resume the lively old time riot.

A few of the better class restaurants have reopened—Paillard's, for example, and Voisin's, where it costs \$1 to put one's foot inside the door, while Maxim's, though a favorite dining place for officers from the front, puts on the lid at 10.

Ten o'clock, indeed, is the curfew hour for Paris just now, when people, as an Irish friend informs me, are "now going to bed who never went to bed before." After 10 it is a case of

After Dark in the War Capitals

"lights out" and should you stay out longer you are likely to feel like the belated traveller of the poet:

* * * who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.





OCKER
MAY 5 1986

